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1. Poetry, American.

N.B.

Pheips

Here lies a prudent economes
wife who allways done
as she thought best and
now we hope she
gon to rest

Calvin Reformer

~~Idelette~~

Idelette

Calvin

Wife name

Caldwell, March 30th, 1835.

The subscriber hereby certifies that he has been acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Phelps from the commencement of his ministry, and believes that the facts he has stated are true; and hopes he may accomplish the object he has in view, both for the public good as well as for his personal benefit.

STEPHEN GROVER,
Late Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Caldwell,
New Jersey.

Hanover, March 31st, 1835.

I do cordially agree with the Rev. Mr. Grover in the certificate he has given above, and in the expression of his good wishes in regard to our esteemed brother, the Rev. Mr. Phelps, as to the object he has in view.

AARON CONDIT,
Late Pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church, in Hanover.

Parsippany, March 31st 1835.

From a protracted acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Phelps, I am happy to be able to add my cordial testimony to the amiable and estimable character of his Christian piety, as well as to the sincere respect in which his intelleetual and literary standing is held; from both of which, as well as his pecuniary circumstances, extensive encouragement to his enterprise is the undissembled hope of his friend and fellow-laborer in the Gospel.

JOHN FORD.

New York, April 8th, 1835.

My acquaintance with all parties, authorises me to say, that I fully concur in what is written above, by the Rev. Messrs. Grover, Condit, and Ford, respecting the character and circumstances of an aged and useful, and now a needy minister of Jesus Christ.

SAMUEL H. COX.

New York, April 9th, 1835.

Having been acquainted with Mr Phelps during many years past, and anxious for the success of his undertaking, I unite with the other brethren in recommending Mr. Phelps' volume to the patronage of our Christian brethren.

GEORGE BOURNE.

Parsippany, March 21st, 1835.

In presenting the following proposals, the subscriber thinks it proper to observe, that he has been engaged in the gospel ministry about thirty-four years, and that, with the exception of a few Sabbaths, he has been constantly employed in its duties during the whole period; and having been dismissed from his late charge, and being without any stated employment, and having a family to support, he conceives it his duty to endeavor to avail himself of the only means now left him of making provision for them, by publishing his compositions upon religious and literary subjects, which he hopes may be of some use in promoting the interests of true religion, as well as a means of benefiting his family. And he would respectfully solicit the patronage of the Christian public to assist him in the enterprise.

SAMUEL M. PHELPS.

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

DIVINE GRACE,

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

By SAMUEL M. PHELPS, A. M.

PART I.

THE HISTORY OF A PENITENT SINNER.

PART II.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MILLENNIAL REIGN OF JESUS CHRIST ON EARTH, BY A CONVERTED ISRAELITE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

PROMISCUOUS PIECES,

By HARRIETTE E. PHELPS.

NEW-YORK:

CRAIGHEAD AND ALLEN, PRINTERS.

1835.

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TRIUMPHS

OF

DIVINE GRACE.

By SAMUEL M. PHELPS, A. M.

WOR 19FEB'36

THE TRIUMPHS

OF

DIVINE GRACE,

PART I.

In Europe's central regions, where the Rhone,
The Rhine, Danube, and Po, begin their course,
And wind their devious ways to different seas,
Between two lofty ridges of the Alps,
There lies a pleasant vale, from north to south,
Sloping and wid'ning tow'rds the southern point,
Whose green luxuriant foliage, when compar'd
With the rough rocks, and cliffs, and gaping caves,
That meet the wand'ring eye, on either side,
Renders the charming scene more charming still.

In this delightful spot, joyful, and free
From those degrading chains that fashion forms,
Safe without locks, and without arms secure,

Its happy tenants pass their cheerful days,
In social converse, when their work is done,
Or read their fav'rite books, or exercise
Their vig'rous limbs by healthful labor form'd,
To climb the slippery steeps where chamois feed,
Or leap the frightful chasm that bars their way.
Here God thro' nature's operations shows
His power and goodness both; here beauteous flow'rs
Attract the eye, and here delicious fruits
Regale the taste; and vegetables rich,
In choice nutritious juice, nourish'd and fed,
And hasten'd forward in their rapid growth,
By constant rills, that flow from secret springs.
Here too th' Eternal God, whose mighty word,
From the dark, cold, chaotic, shapeless mass
Of floating particles, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sable wings of ancient night,
Form'd heaven and earth; had shown his wond'rous pow'r:
Mountains on mountains piling, rocks on rocks.
In part compact, consolidated, firm;
And partly rent, and rifted by the shock
Of jarring elements in nature's war.
Here oft Jehovah rides on the swift wings
Of furious winds: here oft the anxious swain
Beholds the sun by sudden clouds obscured,
Rising like fleecy vapors, from the foot
Of some tall cliff, or pressing thro, the chasm,

Between two neighb'ring hills, with threat'ning front
Rolling their curling columns, like the sea
Urg'd to the shore, by some tempestuous wind.
And tho' accustom'd to such sights as these,
He feels a secret dread, and holds his eye
Fix'd on th' approaching mass, 'till the fierce glare
Of some keen flash his vision overpowers,
And the hoarse sound of God's tremendous voice,
With intonations deep, echo'd from hills,
And caves, and winding glens, assails his ears,
And makes him feel the littleness of man.

In this sequester'd place there liv'd a man
Whose polish'd manners, and imposing mien,
Gave him authority, and influence
Among the lowly tenants of the vale.
Here he was born, and here he spent his days,
'Till love of glory forc'd him from his home,
To seek adventures in a foreign land.
And soon he found employ, for gen'rous France,
Who pays the Swiss to guard her monarch's throne,
Observ'd his manly port, and martial mien,
And took him into service, where his skill
And graceful movements, caught the sovereign's eye,
And stamp'd his character in future life.
Beneath this monarch's smiles he flourish'd long,
A thoughtless, gay, licentious devotee,

Of sensual joys; 'till God's just providence,
That rules the world in righteousness and truth,
Check'd his licentious course, and sent him back
To his own native soil, disgrac'd and shorn
Of all his honors, by the artful wiles
Of an insidious foe: and here, again
Secluded from the busy, bustling world,
A disappointed, melancholy man,
He pass'd his pensive hours, and seemingly
Took little pleasure in the rural scenes
Of his own native land: the blooming flowers
And rich delicious fruits had lost their charms:
Nor could the gentle tones of murm'ring rills,
Or the hoarse sound of roaring cataracts,
Soothe his sad mind, or rouse its energies;
'Till all subduing time, and the soft smiles
Of an ingenuous maid, beguil'd his heart,
And led him cheerfully to join his hand
To hers, in Hymen's consecrated bands.
One only son their union blest, and him
They lov'd—and watch'd with int'rest deep
His op'ning intellect, by sallies oft
Of keen, sarcastic repartee, display'd,
To the surprise of those who heard him speak.

To educate this boy all means were us'd—
And all the teachers tax'd, the vale supplied;

Nor were they tax'd in vain ; the child improv'd,
And commendations paid him for his toil.
At length he reach'd an age when love of praise
Inspires the youthful mind, and his was fir'd
With strong desires, to emulate the deeds
Of which he often heard his father speak.
Deeds that the world applauds, prowess in war,
And gallantry in peace ; such deeds as please
The thoughtless, giddy devotees of fame,
Skilful manœuv'ring on the grand parade,
Impetuous onset on th' embattled foe,
And graceful movements on th' elastic floor,
Where damsels like Herodias' daughter dance :
For such the deeds of which his father spoke,
And such the deeds he long'd to imitate.
Nor was it long before, with beating heart,
He saw his eager wishes gratified.
An officer from France, his father's friend,
Came in disguise, for fear of violence
From fierce, infuriate mobs, which now began
To shake the trembling monarch's tot'ring throne,
To seek recruits among the faithful Swiss.
And one he soon procur'd, th' ambitious youth,
The subject of our tale, whose ardent mind
Glow'd with a keen desire, t' avenge the wrongs
Of suff'ring royalty, so well portray'd,
By lips accustom'd often to declaim

Against the rudeness of the rough canaille.

At length he stood prepared to leave his home—
His mother wept, and kiss'd his burning cheeks;
His father press'd his hand, and bid him ago—
His friends came crowding round him with adieus,
And wishes oft repeated, that his health
Might be preserved, and happiness attend
His steps. At last dismissed he left the house,
And with his guide pursued the road to France.
Thro' many winding glens, and gloomy vales,
Thro' many dangerous paths, o'er slip'ry rocks
They travel on, employ'd in thinking o'er,
Each as his own imagination ran,
The scenes thro' which he probably must pass:
The Frenchman's fancy, paints the falling king
Rising again, and conquering all his foes;
The youthful Swiss' brains were fill'd with dreams
Of honor, glory, and unrivall'd fame
In acts of gallanty, and deeds of war;
But all were idle dreams, for e'er they reach'd
The borders of the Seine, Louis was dead,
And monarchy had fall'n. Equality
Ambitious, partial, vain, and proud
Of its ridiculous, unmeaning name,
Had, by reducing others, raised itself
To influence, authority, and power,

And swept the land, as with destruction's broom:
The Frenchman saw his danger, and retir'd,
The Swiss remain'd, and join'd the populace
Resolv'd to make his fortune, or to lose
His life in making the attempt.

Perplex'd and undecided how to act, his mind
Was much distress'd, by fluctuating thoughts,
Till a young officer, whose epaulettes
Disclos'd his rank, came to him with a smile,
And kindly press'd him to enrol his name
Among the soldiers of the commonwealth.
The offer he embrac'd, and quickly rose
Under the fost'ring care of Bonaparte,
To a distinguish'd rank, and wore the badge
Of a field officer, and was renown'd
For skill, and courage on the bloody field
Where hostile armies meet; but intercourse
With infidels soon made an infidel
Of him: he neither blush'd, nor felt remorse,
When, with his thoughtless comrades he proclaim'd
Death's an eternal sleep; there is no God,
Nor heaven, nor hell, nor future state for man;
Let's eat, and drink, and fight, and sing, and dance
Our lives away, 'till life's short race is run:

Such was his creed, and such his practice too.
Thoughtless, and unconcern'd, he dash'd along
Thro' camps, and ball-rooms, 'till the ruling powers
Afraid, lest some bold chief should wrest the reins
Of government, from their polluted hands,
Contrived to send a young aspiring man
To lead an army to a distant land.
With these our hero went, and reach'd the place
On Afric's soil where Alexander built
A city to commemorate his deeds.
There station'd on the shore, near to a bay
In which the fleet that brought them lay secure,
They see, far to the north, in close array,
Approaching sails just rising from the waves,
And rapidly advancing towards the coast.
Conjectures soon arose what they could be,
Or what their object; but conjectures soon
Were laid aside, for proud Britannia's flag
Was seen to float above the swelling sheets,
And Nelson's pennant, fluttering in the breeze
Proclaim'd defiance to his country's foes.
The Frenchman saw, and hastily prepar'd
To fight his mortal foe. The British chief
Advanc'd and look'd awhile, and then resolv'd
At once, to try the issue of a fight;
And signal answering signal having shown,
That all were ready, strait he gives command

And down they bear impetuous, charg'd with death
In twice ten thousand forms; chain shot and shells,
Grenades, and iron balls, to mutilate,
To wound, and pierce, and utterly destroy
Whatever thwarts their way. And now arrang'd
The murd'rous engines stand with gaping mouths;
And from their deep-ton'd throats pour forth a stream
Of flame and iron hail: the fire receiv'd
Is speedily return'd, and a dread roar,
Like the loud thunder on mount Sinai's brow
When God came down in fire, assails the ear;
And echoed, and re-echoed from the shores
Can find no time to pause; the finny tribes
Dart quickly downwards to their coral beds,
And hide themselves beneath the shelt'ring rocks.

And now the battle rag'd, and shouts, and groans
Scarce audible, mix with the cannon's roar:
The sails are rent; the cordage breaks like thread
Touch'd by the fire, the groaning masts fall down,
And headless trunks, and mangled limbs of men,
And streams of human blood defile the decks.
Long was the strife, and obstinate the fight,
For neither party felt dispos'd to yield:
The British fight their honor to sustain,
The French contend their safety to secure;
But heaven directs the affairs of mortal men.

A burning ball thrown with prodigious force
Enter'd the side of Gallia's proudest ship,
And pressing on reach'd to her magazine.
A burst of flame arose, and decks, and guns,
And men were hurried far aloft, and fell
In broken fragments on the quiv'ring wave.
A sudden pause ensu'd; the smoke dispers'd;
The Frenchmen saw their peril, and at once
Their whole attention to their safety turn'd.
Part struck their flags, and part began to fly,
But flying fail their safety to secure,
Rocks intercept; they ground, and yield the day;
And thus Britannia triumph'd o'er her foes.

But why relate our hero's arduous toil
Along the Nile, or thro' the burning sands;
Why undertake to tell his gallant deeds
In many hard campaigns: let it suffice
To note the last, when with a motley host
Which Bonaparte collected to chastise
The insolence of Russia's haughty Czar;
He pass'd the Vistula, and bravely fought,
At weeping Smolensk, and Borodino,
Whose thirsty soil drank deep of human blood.
And when within old Moscow's ancient walls,
He saw a hundred fires break out at once,
And heard the crackling flames, and saw then spread

From house to house, till palaces and towers,
Churches and spires were wrapt in blazing sheets,
And one great burning sea, like Etna's mouth
Sent up a thousand pyramids of fire.
But other scenes, far less sublime, 'tis true
But deeply interesting are prepar'd
His courage and his skill to exercise,
For Bonaparte, finding his threat'nings vain
To bring the Czar to terms, and fearing lest
His discontented troops should mutinize,
Gave orders to them to retrace their steps;
And soon their faces towards their native land
They turn'd, and march'd awhile with measur'd steps
In regular array; but Kutusoff
Warn'd of their movements, marches by their side,
And Platoff's Cossacks hang upon their rear.
The thoughts of home, and friends quicken their pace
And make their burdens light, but home and friends,
But few among them were allow'd to see.
The way is long; their enemies harrass;
And winter; dreadful winter soon begins
His gloomy reign; the ground is render'd hard,
The air is chill'd, their famish'd horses die;
Their shoes give way, their path is mark'd with blood;
Their clothes are insufficient to protect
Their shiv'ring limbs from the keen northern blasts;
Their courage fails; hope dies; despair succeeds:

They leave their baggage, and desert their ranks;
A cruel selfishness seizes their minds,
And "save who can," becomes the general cry.

Of these poor fugitives some quit the road
In quest of food, and shelter from the cold;
But neither food nor shelter can they find.
One dreary waste meets their astonish'd eyes
Their spirits sink; they groan, lie down and die.
Some by severe fatigue, and cold o'ercome
Station themselves beneath some shelt'ring rock
Or in some friendly nook, and crowding close
In order to preserve that little warmth
Their bodies still retain, are froze to death,
And stand upright; appalling scene! a mass
Of human bodies bleaching in the wind.
Some enter the deserted domes, in search
Of food, or clothes, but seldom find aught, that
Can be of use; save, old cast clothes, or food
Of coarsest kind! on these they seize, and these
They carry off, and o'er their shoulders throw;
And tatter'd garments, pellises, and cloaks,
And petticoats, and gowns, and skins of sheep
Worn by the Russian boors, and laid aside
For others better, or more fit for use.
Distinguish this most miserable group.
In these array'd they join their friends again,—

A laugh bursts forth,—a loud convulsive laugh,
In spite of all their sufferings to behold
Their comrades so fantastically drest.
Some enter vacant houses in the night,
And mad with disappointment, curse and swear,
And to conclude the scene, set them on fire,
And rave like madmen round the blazing pile.
Others the flames beholding from afar,
Charm'd by the sight of fire rush heedless on;
And pressing close before their danger's known
Are strangled by the bickering flames, and fall
Into the burning mass, and gasp, and die.

But why relate the horrid scenes of this
Most horrid time? let it suffice to say
Our hero liv'd thro' all, and safely reach'd
The French metropolis, and then resign'd
His dangerous post, and sought his ancient home.
Arriv'd he found his parents both alive,
And long accustom'd to domestic life
Quite satisfied, and happy in their lot.—
With these he liv'd, and by degrees forgot,
Or ceas'd to think of wars, and masquerades,
Battles and balls, and all the vain parade
Of military show,—and soon resolv'd
In his own native vale to spend his days.
And here he found a modest, lovely maid,

Who won his heart. To her he gave his hand,
And with her liv'd for many pleasant years,
And tasted happiness; if happiness
It can be call'd, that mortals taste below.

Four blooming children blest their mutual love,
Whose intellects, and beauties seem'd to be
All that they wish'd; and these they fondly lov'd
And cherish'd hopes not to be realiz'd:
For God who does not see as mortals do,
Had made arrangements to destroy these hopes;—
A fearful malady brought on the wings
Of scorching winds from Afric's burning coast,
Enter'd this pleasant vale, and hurried down
Its peaceful tenants to the silent grave.
To this the household I have mention'd all
Fell victims, save the subject of our tale,—
Him God preserv'd to witness other scenes
And be a monument of sovereign grace.

Distress'd and overcome with poignant grief,
He pac'd with mournful steps his late abode,—
Or went abroad to weep—beside the graves
Of his departed friends, accusing heaven
For its severe and terrible decree,
That thus had robb'd him of his dearest joys.
But heaven had other lessons still to teach;

Nor did it hesitate to make him feel
A keener grief than he had ever felt,
For this was requisite to make him what
It had design'd to make, a child of God.—
For the most high from his most glorious throne
Of glittering gems, "insufferably bright,"
Beyond the blazing portals of the sky,
That show themselves to men in Orion's belt,—
Sent his good spirit down to touch his heart.
Under its powerful touch, he saw, and felt,
What he had neither seen nor felt before;
The great eternal, all pervading God,—
The high and holy one, spotless, and pure,
And watching o'er his works with strictest care—
Meeting the good with smiles, such smiles as fill
Their hearts with joy and love, exalted joy
And ardent burning love; but frowning on
The bad, with frowns that blast their hopes, wither
Their strength, and fill their burden'd souls with pain.
Such frowns as lost despairing spirits dread,
Far worse than hell itself; such awful frowns,
As make the dark, and dismal glooms of that
Most dismal world more dark, and dismal still.

This God he saw, not with his fleshly eyes,
But with the understanding's which the high
And lofty one had open'd to convince

This wretched sinner of his sinfulness.
Wonder, at first, his thoughts absorb'd; but soon
Reverting on himself, a painful sense
Of littleness, unworthiness, and guilt,
O'erwhelm'd his tortur'd mind; and his whole life
Seem'd but a vain, delusive, painful dream
Of wild extravagance, and shameful guilt.

A poor dejected melancholy man;—
He wander'd round for weeks among his friends
To seek relief, but still conceal'd the cause
Of his distress, which they suppos'd to be
The loss of relatives; but tho' the loss
Of relatives had weigh'd his spirits down,
A heavier weight now press'd upon his heart.
At length o'erwhelm'd with anguish he resolv'd,
His long neglected Bible to peruse,
In hopes, that in its pages he might find
A balm to ease the sorrows of his heart:
He read, and reading found himself condemn'd
In almost ev'ry page; but also found
Encouragement to pray, and exercise
Faith, and repentance. This he strove to do,
And striving found relief, and soon began
To think himself a favorite of heaven.
But all his righteousness was a mere web,
That his own hands had wrought, and heav'n abhor'd;

Yet still it gave him ease, and courage too,
To tell his neighbors what the Lord had done.

And now he prays, and indirectly boasts
Of his past vicious life, under pretence
Of magnifying God's abounding grace.
But God's abounding grace would not allow
Such language, and such feelings in a man
That he had destin'd to eternal life :—
And from his throne again he hasten'd down
The spirit of his grace, to make him see
The length, and breadth of his eternal law ;—
Requiring perfect love to God and man,
From principles of pure benevolence.
In this he saw he fail'd, and soon discern'd,
A secret opposition in his mind
To this, as then he thought, severe, unjust,
And cruel law, that bid him give up all
His heart held dear,—his selfishness, and pride ;—
And much he sought to find a way, in which
He might retain, at least, a part of these,
And by his deeds acquire a right to heaven ;
For thus he thought, there surely is a way,
Which man pursuing may acquire a right
To heaven and happiness ; for otherwise—
Commands were useless,—promises in vain,—
And threat'nings mere unmeaning—empty words.

But still he did not know, that 'tis a way,
Which God himself makes known, by his own power
To those in whom he chooses to reveal,
The mysteries of his grace in Jesus Christ;
Aud being ignorant of this great truth,
He thought religion must consist in forms,
And creeds; and much he wish'd to know what form
Was right; what creed, of all the creeds in use
Was best; but how to ascertain the fact
Perplex'd him long.

At last his thoughts were drawn
Tow'rds ancient Rome, for he had often heard
Of *holy mother church*;—saint Peter's chair,
And men possess'd of power to pardon sins.
From these he hop'd to learn the way of truth,—
And went prepar'd, (for he had wealth acquir'd
In foreign wars) to live abroad till peace
Was found: but peace belongs to those alone,
With whom the son of peace makes his abode.—
But unappriz'd of this, he left his home
In search of that which no where can be found,
But in the bosom of eternal love.
'Tis true, he felt reluctant to forsake
The spot where all his friends, tho' dead, were lodg'd;
Yet still, tho' sad, as we have said, he went;—
And journeying Southward, reach'd at last the shore

Of that broad sea whose waters lave the sides,
Of three divisions of our wicked world.
From thence he cross'd to proud imperial Rome,
That once had sway'd the sceptre of the world;
But now was much reduc'd, and destin'd soon
To fall,—and falling, rise no more;—and here
He chose his home, and made his wishes known
To those of estimation in the church;
Who all assur'd him he might safely trust,
His everlasting welfare in their hands:—
That nothing more was requisite than this,
To join the church, and yield obedience
To her commands; and this he did, but still
He found no peace, for notwithstanding all
His conscience whisper'd, *you're a sinful man,*
And sinful men cannot commune with God.
With ardent zeal he strove to check its voice,
By reading, praying, and performing all
His teachers had prescribed, but strove in vain;
For still it whisper'd, "*you're a sinful man,*
And sinful men cannot commune with God."

In this unhappy state he look'd around
With scrutinizing eyes upon the priests,
And holy dignitaries of the church,
As they profess'd to be: but holiness
Did not appear in what they said, or did,—

But strong conclusive proofs of vanity
And pride, and shameful lust, and deadly hate;
And when he saw the effect upon the flock;—
When he beheld them vain, licentious, proud—
Full of deceit, malignity, and scorn,
Encourag'd by the pardons they receiv'd,
And thought sufficient to atone for all
Their wicked, and abominable deeds;
Or when he saw them kneeling on the ground
While images of saints were passing by,
And teazing heaven with their incessant cries,—
And, rising from their knees, contend, and fight,
And cheat, and lie, and steal, and curse and swear,
He durst not rest his hopes of future bliss
On a religious system such as this.
Or when he saw their empty, vain parades,
And long processions in their holy robes,
With crucifixes glittering in their hands,
And bones of ancient saints incas'd in gold;
And heard the strong expressions of their love
To Christ the meek, and holy lamb of God;
And mark'd their wicked deeds in private life,
He durst not trust his future happiness
With such profane, and impious characters,—
And would have speedily renounc'd his faith
In all religious systems, if the view
Which he had had of God, and heav'nly things,

And of his own accountability,
Had not forbidden him to disbelieve;—
He did, he must believe there was a God,
And heaven, and hell, and future state for man.

In this perplexity he took his leave
Of this polluted residence of vice,
And went, he scarce knew where, or after what,—
But went, 'till finally he found himself
On Moslem ground, and trav'ling onward still,
He reach'd at length the proud metropolis
Of Turkish arrogance, and selfish pride.
And here he felt far more distressing pain
Than he had felt at Rome,—not on account
Merely of what he saw, but what he felt
Within: for tho' it griev'd him much to see
The pride and cruelty of Moslem lords,
And mark the sorrows of their suffering slaves,—
Tho' his heart bled to think what would become
Of this vast crowd, when call'd to their account
Before the high, and holy throne of God;
A secret fire, more dreadful still, wither'd
His soul, and drove him nearly to despair.
This fire came down from God, for God is fire,—
A fierce consuming fire to sinful men;
And God had sent his holy spirit down
To burn, consume, and pray upon his pride,

And selfishness, and lusts, and *make him* know
The terrors of his power, and secret wrath,
Which lost unhappy, guilty sinners feel;
Till he should be prepar'd to taste his grace,
And learn to prize his love thro' Jesus Christ.

'Tis true God did not ever make him feel
The utmost of his wrath, for then his soul
Instead of being broke, would have been ground
To dust. Nor would he break a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax, 'till it should blaze
With righteousness, and truth, and holy love.
Nor did he always make him feel the same
Excessive pain, lest he should faint thro grief,
And prematurely sink into the grave;—
But meting out his wrath in mercy's cup,
Gave respite to his lacerated mind,
And time to think what he had been—what seen,
And what he might expect to be, and see
Hereafter, in the world which is to come.
Thus exercis'd, and wearied with the sight—
Of so much sorrow, misery and grief,
As he was forc'd to witness in this place,
He sought a residence on Asian ground,
And travel'd eastward 'till he found a vale,
That bore a faint resemblance to the one
In which, he'd liv'd so long; and here he found

A few poor families, that own'd the name
Of Jesus Christ,—tho' much decay'd, and fallen
From what their fathers were; yet he resolv'd
To stay awhile with these, and read the word
Of God, to which, as to his last resort,
His earnest expectation now was turn'd.

And now he read, and pray'd, and pray'd and read
Again; but could not yet be satisfied.
The more his thoughts were turn'd to his past life,
The viler he appear'd; the more he strove
To cleanse his heart, the worse it seem'd to grow;
The more he strove to bend his stubborn will,
And break his stony heart, the more his will
Seem'd to resist, and harder grow his heart;
Till he was quite convinc'd he must depend
On God's free grace, not only to secure
His pardon, and admission into heaven,
But to prepare him for that happy place.
This was the light in which he view'd himself,
And his condition: he was poor, and vile,—
Yet vileness he abhor'd, and could not bear
To think, that he must live with the impure,
Profane, obscene, and vile. The good he lov'd,
And wish'd to have his portion with the just;
But still he durst not hope they would receive,
And live with such a guilty thing as he;

And after all his toil, he found himself,
As we have said, dependant on God's grace
For every needed good, and likewise found
That certain misery would be his lot,
If God should choose his blessings to withhold.
What then remain'd, but earnestly to pray
That God would change his heart, forgive his sins,
And fit him for the realms of blessedness;
And this he solemnly resolv'd to do,
Till God should hear his prayer, or call away
His spirit from its tenement of clay.
This prudent resolution he observ'd,
And ne'er allow'd a single day to pass,
In which he did not earnestly implore
Forgiveness, mercy, holiness, and grace;
But seemingly implor'd in vain, for still
A heavy burden rested on his heart.

At length dejected, he retir'd one day
To a thick neighb'ring grove, where hid from sight
He pray'd, and thought, and thought, and pray'd again,
Till nature overcome with weariness
Call'd for repose, and down he sunk in sleep,
And waking found himself compos'd, and calm;
No burden press'd; no sorrow fill'd his heart;
No apprehensions of the fearful wrath
Of his Almighty Judge distress'd his mind.

And musing, long he sat, if possible
To learn the cause of this so sudden change;
And earnestly he strove to feel again
As he had felt before, but strove in vain.
His mind was all composure, quietness,
And peace. At last, he cast his anxious eye
Upon the Sacred Book, that near him, lay
Unclosed,—whose leaves were flutt'ring in the wind;
And quickly took it up, and these the words
That met his eager scrutinizing look:
Behold God's Lamb, that takes away the sins
Of guilty men! A pause ensued—and then
A flow of tenderness burst from his heart,
And soft, delicious tears, ran down his cheeks;
And his whole soul, dissolving into love,
Panted to throw its lengthen'd arms around,
And to its bosom clasp the mighty orb
Of intellectual life. His will was bow'd;
His heart was broke; shades fled; light shone;
Death died; life lived; Hell closed its burning mouth:
And Heaven sent down sweet smiles of love and joy—
Creation seem'd renew'd; the trees bent down
Their lofty heads low to their Maker's feet.
The birds their little throats strain'd hard to speak
His praise; and spires of grass shot up, as if
To meet his smiles, and sing his praises too.

Admiring long he sat, and much he wish'd
To know the cause of this great change; by what
Produc'd, or what it might portend; for this
He did not know, nor could conjecture, till
In gentle whispers, something seem'd to say,
This is repentance, faith, and holiness;
This is the love that satisfies the law;
The pledge of your acceptance with your God—
With joy he rose, and hastened to his home,
His bowels yearning o'er his dying friends,
Whom he besought, in soft persuasive tones,
To come and taste the goodness of the Lord.
But he besought in vain; they looked amaz'd,
But did not comprehend his words, because
The Spirit was not there to make them feel
The force of the great truths which they had heard.

And now his thought was to return again
To his own native vale, and die in peace:
But being now so near the sacred ground,
Where the blest Son of God had liv'd and died;
He thought to visit this: and passing on,
Came to the borders of the holy land:
And here, in mute amazement, he beheld
The desolation of this chosen realm,
So highly favored once: no temples rose;
No altars smok'd with victims to the God

Of Abraham. No songs of praise were heard
To Jesus Christ, God's well beloved son:
No bonds of love appear'd to hold, in sweet
Communion's charms, "the sacramental host
Of God's elect;" but the wild Ishmaelite
Prowling for prey, roam'd o'er the dreary plains,
Or the fierce Turk of Tartar origin
Glar'd on him as he passed,—and bastard sons
Of Ham,—or christians more degenerate still,
Mark'd, and defil'd with their unhallow'd feet
The old inheritance of Jacob's sons.
Briers infest the plains, and thorns the vales,
And beasts of prey, and reptiles fill the woods;
Fit emblem of the barren, desolate,
Unhappy lot of Jacob's chosen seed:
Their temple spoil'd, their priesthood at an end;
Worship extinct,—minds darken'd, till the time
Of their appointed restoration come.

Thro' this drear waste he travel'd 'till he reach'd
The city of the everlasting king,
Fall'n from its ancient power, and glory too.
And here he wept, and wept again, to think
What once it was, what is, and what must be:
But no companions could he find, with whom
He wish'd to stay; 'tis true he often met
Men who profess'd to honor Jesus Christ,

But they were vile, deceitful, proud, and vain;
Officiously pretending to point out
Houses, and caves, and rocks, and wells, and brooks,
Which once were honour'd by the saints of old,
And eagerly presenting bits of wood
Which they asserted, to have once belong'd
To the true cross on which the Saviour died,
Tho' manifestly of a later date.

Disgusted with their deeds, he would have gone
Immediately to his ancient home,
Had he not felt a strong desire to see
The awful mount, from which God gave his law
To the assembled tribes of Jacob's race.
To this desire he sacrific'd his fear,
And went alone thro' realms of scorching sand;
(For he had trod, in part, this waste before,
To serve his general in the moslem war.)
And having pass'd the dangers of the way,
Came to the consecrated regions, where
In thunder God had spoke to mortal men.
With interest deep he view'd th'affecting scene;
Ridges of naked rocks, and barren cliffs,
Fit emblem of the impotence of law
To give eternal life to sinful men.
There Sinai rose in awful majesty,
And there, tho' less majestic, Horeb stood,

Distinguish'd both in Israel's history,
When God his chosen tribes with manna fed.
Here wand'ring round he met a man who spoke
The language of the West, of him he ask'd
Where he might find a proper resting place,
For a few days; and was by him receiv'd
Into a small, but neat, and clean abode,
Close by the mountain's side, and was inform'd
That he might tarry here until he judg'd
It proper to depart: and here he staid,
Well satisfied in quietness, and peace;
And every day, with curious eye explor'd
Part of the mount, or its vicinity.
At length a sudden thought within him rose,
To climb the sides of this stupendous hill,
And view the spot where once Jehovah stood
With Moses by his side, when he came down
In fire, wrapt in a cloud that hid his shape
From every eye but one, which he allow'd
To see a part of that bright form, in which
He chose to manifest himself to men.
(A cloud, tho' dense, unable to contain
Its burning contents, which would often dart
Thro' its cleft folds in streams of quiv'ring fire,
With a tremendous sound that shook the mount,
And made th' affrighted neigb'ring deserts ring.)

The project once conceiv'd he had no rest;
Tho' much he fear'd to go where God had been
In human form, and converse held with man;
Till he should make the hazardous attempt.
And now with curious eye he scann'd the mount,
By going round its whole circumference,
To ascertain the easiest way to reach
The loftiest eminence, and having found
The path by which he meant t'ascend, waited
An opportunity th'attempt to make;
And soon an opportunity was found:
And with the rising day he sallied forth,
To find the path, by which he meant to reach
The consecrated spot; this path he found,
And travel'd up the perilous ascent,
Till he had reach'd the highest eminence,
Where he suppos'd the Lord of hosts had stood
When he proclaim'd his law to sinful men.
And here he stood himself in solemn awe,
And cast his anxious eye o'er hills, and plains,
That lay beneath his feet;—wide sandy plains,
And hills of naked barren rocks; fit type,
As we have said before,—of that, in which
The law was wanting, namely, power to give
Eternal life to lost unhappy man,—
But greatly useful still to show his need
Of the rich blessings promis'd, thro' God's son.

A sense, a painful, pleasing sense, of God's
Immediate presence now impress'd his mind;
And with uplifted hands, and streaming eyes,
He thus implor'd his grace. "Eternal God,
Unsearchable and holy, just and good,
Creator, Saviour, governor and king;
Provider, benefactor, all in all—
To the immense created universe,
O, deign to hear the prayer of one, whose hope
Centres in thee alone: forgive my sins,—
Renew my heart,—watch o'er my roving thoughts,—
Rule my unruly tongue, and guide my feet
Into the paths of righteousness, and peace.
And shed, O shed thy holy blessed love
Into my worthless heart that I may taste
Thy boundless goodness, and rejoice with joy
Unspeakable, in thee my God and king.
And O, eternal source of light and life,
Pity thy wretched, fall'n creature man,
And send the spirit of thy grace to chase
The dismal darkness of his mind away:—
Impart repentance, faith, and holiness,
And every needed grace to make him blest—
And bid, O bid thy prostrate Zion rise,
From her long sleep, and put her garments on.—
Garments of purest linen, white and clean,
Wash'd in a dying Saviour's precious blood,

And starr'd with gems of his own righteousness.
Arise, O God, and plead thy glorious cause;
Let the curst reign of sin and sorrow cease;
Let sin be slain, and pride and lust destroy'd,—
Cause death to die, and hell to hide her face,
And blest Immanuel's empire to extend
Its influence to earth's remotest bounds."

He ceas'd;—descended to the base, and saw
A human figure sitting in the door
Of what appear'd, a subterranean house,—
And notwithstanding he'd been us'd to see
A vast variety of human forms,
In this he seem'd to see something that made
A deep impression on his tender mind:
And stepping tow'rds him modestly inquir'd,
If he could give him aught t'allay his thirst?
The stranger rose, and led him to a seat
Within his little dome, and gave him drink,
And in kind tones invited him to stay
Till he could furnish him with a repast:
He yielded to his wish, and soon beheld
The board of his kind host with viands spread.
And down they sat, and ate, and both seem'd pleas'd;
The host to give, the guest to take the gift.
When the repast was finish'd, they convers'd,
And found by conversation, that their hearts

Were to each other bound in cords of love.
At length the generous host express'd a wish
To know the history of his gentle guest.
With this the guest comply'd, and told the tale
Of his past life, from childhood to the hour
In which he met his host. This done he paus'd,
And soon his host replied; this complaisance
Demands acknowledgments from me. By birth
I am a Jew. My father liv'd beside
The ancient Po,—was rich, and spar'd no pains
The ablest teachers to procure, that I
Might be instructed well in every kind
Of useful science, which might tend t'improve
My mind. Nor was I wanting to myself,
But read with care, the most important works
Of celebrated men. At length a kind
And gracious providence threw in my way
A small but ancient book, that bore the marks
Of Grecian origin. Its title sought,
And seen with deep and dire amazement, was,
The new will of our Saviour Jesus Christ.
Chill horror froze my blood for that vile name,
My parents had forbidden me to speak.
The book dropt down, and hastily I fled,—
Determin'd not to touch the thing again.
Long time I strove to banish from my mind
The image of the title I had read;

But strove in vain; a spirit seem'd to haunt
My steps, and whisper in my aching ears,
The new will of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Dejected, and distress'd, perplex'd and lost
In meditation on the providence,
And attributes of our most glorious God,
I found myself so sinful, and so vile,
So wretched, and so utterly undone,
That some great sacrifice seem'd requisite
To make atonemont for my numerous faults.
And why, I thought, may not the sacrifice
Of God's own son be what is requisite?
This once conceiv'd I soon resolv'd to find,
If possible, that book so hated once,
And from its pages learn the truth, if truth
It should contain; and after much research,
(For privately I was compell'd to seek,)
I found, and hid it in my bosom, where
Its contents, by God's spirit were impress'd,—
Tho' then I knew it not. I read alone
Its sacred pages carefully conceal'd
From ev'ry eye but mine: but how, O how,
Shall I describe my feelings thro' the months,
The many months that I employ'd in this
Delightful, painful exercise? Doubt, hope,
Conviction, diffidence, distress, and joy,

Alternate held their sway,—or fiercely strove
To overcome each its antagonist.
In this hard travail of the soul I spent
My time, 'till one blest hour when in my room
Alone, heaven fell full on me, crushing down
My pride, and all my selfish righteousness;
And drawing out my soul in streams of love
To God, and men. My doubts then fled away;
My faith confim'd,—my resolution fix'd
To follow Jesus Christ, even to the cross.

Henceforth I took no pains to hide my book,
Which soon was seen, and to my father sent;
Who call'd me, from my lips to learn the truth;—
The truth I told, and begg'd with many tears,
That he would read that blessed book himself.
Rage fill'd his heart,—and fury from his eyes,
Flash'd keen as lightning's glare,—he seiz'd, and push'd
Me from the house; and with appalling frowns,
Bade me depart forever from my home.
Compos'd, tho' destitute, I wander'd round,
Till I espied a priest in holy robes.
To him I told my tale, and was receiv'd
Into his house, 'till he should find a place
Where I might be prepar'd to serve the church.
A place was found, and I was sent to Rome,
To be instructed in the principles

Of that corrupted church. Awhile I bore
The supercilousness, and haughty pride,
Of my instructors,—saw their wicked lives,—
Heard their vain talk,—examin'd the decrees,
And dogmas of this universal whore,
(As protestants assert this church to be,)
And felt dissatisfied;—and having learn'd
My friends were still dispos'd to persecute,
And even take my life; I thought it best
To quit my native land, and go abroad:
And having, as God order'd, met a man,
Bound on a voyage to the holy land;
A pilgrimage which he had vow'd to make,—
He took me to attend him on his way.

We left the Italian coast, and reach'd the shores
Of Palestine; from whence we travell'd on
To the fam'd city which the pilgrim sought.
Here he remain'd awhile, discharg'd his vow,
Grew sick, and died, bestowing all th'effects
Which he had left on me. Asham'd and griev'd
With what I saw, and heard from holy men,
As they profess'd to be: I left the place,
And found at length my present residence;
And here I live in quietness, and peace—
My portion God, the Scriptures my delight;
The Jews and Gentiles both I love, and pray

For their salvation, and the promis'd day,
When God shall bless them both with his rich grace,
And o'er them spread the mantle of his love.
He ceas'd; his guest sat musing for awhile,
Then said, kind entertainer, let me ask
One favor more, impart to me your thoughts
Respecting that blest day of which you speak,
When God shall bless the nations with his love.
His host replied, come here on the third day,
And I will tell you what my thoughts have been
Respecting this most interesting time.
He bow'd, and took his leave, went to his home,
And prais'd the Lord for what his grace had done.

PART II.

As an enamor'd youth, whose ardent mind
Had long been exercis'd, to win the love
Of some fair blooming maid; and oft distress'd
With chilling fear, lest he should lose the prize,
Secur'd from disappointment by the word
Of the kind fair,—the parties all agreed,
And day appointed, chides the ling'ring hours,
And bids the lazy minutes speed their flight,
And bring th'expected day: so he of whom
We speak, impatient thought the hours too long.
To him old time appear'd to push his car
Along, with a dull pace; and ling'ring minutes
Seem'd dispos'd to stay, till their successors
Forc'd them from their place. But time tho' slow
Mov'd steadily along, and brought the day

So much desir'd, when rising from his bed,
He took a slight repast, and to his friend
He went in haste, (and him he found prepar'd
To bid him welcome to his humble dome),—
Who led him to a seat, seated himself,
And then without delay, or frivilous
Excuse, address'd him in these words. "Hard task
Respected friend, you have requir'd of me;—
A task that well might make an angel pause,
For who can find out God, or can explain
The wondrous system of redeeming love?
Yet what I can I'll do: but first of all,
'Tis requisite, a moment to advert
To God himself, the great original,
First moving cause of all the numerous worlds,
And all the countless souls, that fly or creep, rejoice
Or mourn, thro' the vast universe of life.
What then is God? A spirit infinite,—
Being substantial,—feeling all that man
Can feel, and infinitely more,—(except
Proneness to ill, and pain,) complacency,
Compassion, kindness, love; all intellect
And energy combin'd,—pervading all,—
And ruling all in righteousness, and truth.

If such be God, what is creation then?
A creature of his power of various forms,

Capacities, and aspects, from the worm
We tread upon, up to the highest grade
Of intellectual life. And if so great
Creation be, that e'en our active thoughts
Its boundaries cannot find,—how wondrous great
Must its creator be? But to my task.
The type, or image of this mighty frame,
From all eternity was kept conceal'd,
In God's omniscient mind, in which it lay,
As the sure pattern of his future work;
(And as the pattern, so the work will be,)
This type embrac'd, (we speak of what we know),
The fall of angels from their first estate,
And all the strange machinery of hell.
The sin of the first man, and all the guilt
Of those who from him sprung. The great design
Of saving sinners thro' God's only son,—
And all the blessings of Immanuel's reign.

Pursuant to his plan God suffer'd sin
To enter his dominions,—not because
He wanted power his creatures to uphold
In their obedience,—nor, yet because
Evil exists in God,—nor thro' defect
Of wisdom,—nor because, (as some have thought,)
There is an evil co-existent power,
Which he cannot control; but for this cause,—

That he might show perfections of his own,
Which otherwise must have forever lain
Inoperative, unbeheld, unknown,
And unproductive, as to any good ;—
And to hold up to view such virtue as
Spirits intelligent do most admire,—
Virtue oppres'd abus'd, insulted, scorn'd,—
Yet patient, modest, kind and good ;
Imploring blessings on its bitterest foes ;—
And to exhibit sin in such a form,
As minds like ours do most abominate :
Envy, and jealousy, and cruel hate,
Revenge, and lust, and pride, and sneaking frauds
Exemplified in murders, rapes, and thefts,—
Contentions, strifes, and desolating wars,;
That wearied by his wickedness, and pain'd
By the black image of his hateful guilt,
The haughty sinner's arm might be unnerv'd
In that great day of God Almighty's power,
When drest in robes of vengeance, Christ shall come,
To end the long protracted life of sin,
And pulverize the hideous monster's bones.

For this he suffer'd man to be ensnar'd
By the curst serpent's wiles, and left the powers
Of hell to rove at large throughout the world ;
To tempt, and instigate vain man to sin.

For this he separated Abraham's seed
From all the Gentile world, and bid them cross,
Dry shod, the deep Egyptian sea. For this
He fed them on that barren sandy plain
Which you so lately saw.—For this he led
These stiff-necked tribes to Canaan's fertile ground;—
Cherish'd, or punish'd as he saw 'twas best.
For this he sent his son to bear our sins,
And sacrifice himself for guilty men,—
And drew a veil, (or suffer'd hell to draw
A pitchy veil) before his brethren's eyes,
While they the Lord of glory crucified.
For this he rais'd up Rome to subjugate
Their cities, burn their temple, raze their walls,
And multiply their slain, and sent them out
To wander thro' the world, despis'd, and scorn'd,
Oppress'd, and trodden down on every side.
For this he left them to revile, and hate,
Despise, and curse, his well beloved son,—
Their king, their kind and faithful friend,
Who gave his life to wash away their sins:
And for this purpose Christ will come* again,
To give repentance† to them, and remit
Their numerous sins,—and send in streams of love
His great salvation to the Gentile lands.‡

* Acts, 8—19, 20, & 21. † Acts, 5—31. ‡ Zech. 14—9.

And this the time of which I'm now to speak ;
And this the time of which I long have thought :
And this appointed time will surely come ;
The heathen must be giv'n to God's blest son,*
And every nation bow before his throne.†

But this most blessed season cannot come,
Till Jacob's chosen race possess the land
Their fathers own'd,—God's first belov'd must share
His favor first.‡ The crescent must come down,
Or loose, or yield its sway o'er Palestine ;
And if God has instructed me aright
In what the Scriptures say, the Musselmen
Will be compell'd to yield their sway o'er all
The land that God to pious Abram gave,
And to retire back to the far fam'd ground,
Where haughty Tamerlane once fixd his throne,
Or the strong holds of savage Moslem faith
On Afric's sultry glebe, where Moorish blood
With negro mix'd, an iron sceptre holds,
O'er all that own the name of Jesus Christ;
For so I understand the oracles
Of everlasting truth,—and so, 'tis said,
Mahometans themselves firmly believe,

* Psa. 2—8. † Isa. 45—23.
‡ Ezek. 16—8. Isa. 60—9, 3. Rom. 11—12. 15.

From a tradition handed down from one
Of their own seers, to whom God show'd the truth
As once to Beor's son,—or made him speak
Like Caiaphas, unwittingly of that,
Which he'd resolv'd, in his own proper time
To bring to pass; for God sometimes to men
His purposes make known, in some strange way,—
That when accomplish'd, they by looking back,
May see the timely warning giv'n,—but now,
It matters not from whence this story sprung:—
I do believe it true,—for so I think,
The Scriptures intimate; and this once done,
The way will be prepar'd for Jacob's sons
To enter on their old inheritance;
And they will enter* for they only wait
The intimations of God's providence.

And these once given, they'll fly as timid doves
Fly to their homes before a gathering storm,
Or fleecy clouds that scud before the wind.
Their treasures gath'red,—their accounts arrang'd,
They'll bid adieu to all their Gentile friends;—
Meet, and become embodied on the ground
Their fathers own'd,—blest, independent, free
From all restraint, but God's high providence,

* Jer. 30—2. Ezek. 11—17, 18, 19, 20.

And their own righteous law: and O, my friend,
How glorious will that day of wonders be,
To father Abraham, when he shall see
His recreant sons return'd to their lost home?
How interesting to the traveller,
To see men of all nations, languages,
Tongues, manners, costumes, habits join'd in one;—
Men from the coast of Fez, in Moorish dress,
And bearing marks of Moorish cruelty.
Subjects of fluctuating France, and ting'd
With French urbanity, and carelessness.
Tenants of ancient Spain with jealous eyes,
Accustom'd with strict scrutiny t'inspect
The face of every stranger, lest perhaps
They might receive a spy, from the black halls
Of curst inquisitors, and be dragg'd forth,
Devoted victims to the "act of faith."*
Souls of coarse mould from Russia's fur-clad climes,
And frozen spirits fron Siberia's plains.
Cold calculating minds from British isles,
With plodding Germans quite as fond of gold,
Persians with pond'rous caps, Arabs with crowns,
Turks in their robes with oriental beards;
A motley host, all sons of Abraham;—
But yet not all his sons, but only those,

* auto de fe

Or sons of those, who came from Babylon,
When conquering Cyrus sent them to rebuild
Jehovah's temple in their native land.
These all will coalesce, amalgamate,
And be united soon in bands of love.
The rest *th'omnicient* will himself bring back,
Sending his hunters* thro' the dreary wilds
Of Asia's spacious realms; or o'er the sands
Of Afric's sunburnt soil, or thro' the wide
Waste howling wilderness of the new world
Columbus found, from ice-bound Labrador
To distant Patagonia's frozen realm;
And fishers too, to fetch them from the isles
Where they for many ages liv'd unknown.

Thus all the tribes shall come, but come unknown—
Their records lost, and their memorials gone.
But God himself will point them to a way
To obviate their doubts, and end their fears;
For all the tribes must be distinctly known,
Divided, and receive inheritance†
Within the borders of the promis'd land,
As they were graven on the sacred stones‡
In Aaron's robe, and priests, and Levites found,

* Jer. 16—16. † Ezek. 48—29. ‡ Ex. 28—21.

Altars erected, sacrifices made
From Kedars* flocks, and from Neboioth's rams.
But here his guest astonish'd said, will they
Return as christians, or as Jews? as Jews
His host replied, for then th'apppointed time
Of their conversion will not have arrived,—
But wait, and soon you'll hear the whole he spoke;
And thus his narrative resum'd, while they
Engag'd in consultation where to build
Jehovah's city, where to fix the seat
Of their great prince,—and how divide the land
Among the different tribes; as yet, remain
At loss what course they should pursue, and still
Delaying; and delaying still; in hopes
Of speedily beholding their great king.

The Musselmen recov'ring from their fear
Shall to each other say; "come let us go
And take the prey, and gather many spoils†
From those so late return'd from foreign lands,
And having neither walls, nor gates to bar
Our onward way, or hinder our success.
The thought will please; the project be approved;
Their minds will be excited, spirits mov'd,
And resolutions form'd to make th' attempt.

* Isa. 60—9. † Ezek. 38. 10, 11 and 12.

As when in some rich, large metropolis
A worthy man engaged in virtue's cause,
Incautiously has stepp'd beyond the bound
That cold, and calculating prudence says
We must not pass,—and by it has arous'd
Suspicion in the sovereign people's mind,
An idle crowd collecting in the street,
And softly murmuring their suspicions out,
At length grow bold, and openly declare
Their fix'd determination to chastise
The insolence of this devoted man.
So these grown bold, by interchange of thought,
Will urge their chieftains hard to lead them on,
But these more prudent, call a council first;
Deliberate, examine, and resolve
To make the attempt, but first send messengers
To all the Moslem tribes, and also, some
Of Pagan faith, t' engage them in their cause,
And bid their own prepare themselves to go
To this unholy predatory war.

And now they stand prepar'd and ready armed,
According to the custom of their tribes;—
Gomer* with all her bands, the numerous brood
Of Japheth's eldest son, whose spacious plains

* Ezek. 38. 4, 5 and 6.

Furnish'd a residence for Tamerlane;
Once call'd Bucharia, but Tart'ry now,
With all th' adjoining realms that intervene
Between this country and the Arabian Sea;
Caubul, and Afghanistan to the shore
Of Indus, washing Brumma's sacred soil,
With many Musselmen beyond this flood,
And bands from distant isles of eastern seas,
With bows and arrows, scimitars and spears;
And with them come a troop of Persian horse
With high and pond'rous caps upon their heads,
Their shoulders cover'd with rich purple robes
Of the most costly dyes;—and near to these,
A shaggy host of Tartar origin,
Togarmah's brood, so call'd in ancient times;
Since Scythians, but at present better known
By various names, Calmucs and Kirguses,
Nogays, Moguls, and Daghistanians;
A fierce and savage race, and armed with swords,
Bucklers and shields, and heavy lances made
After the Cossack form.

These in the north, while in the south
A band no less terific, savage, fierce,
Uncouth and wild, of Afric's tawny sons,
Call'd Ethiopians once, distinguished now
By other names, Mandingoes, Fezzanites,

Housians, Bambarrans, and Tombuctooites,
With all the wandering tribes from Niger's flood
To barren Zaara's utmost northern bounds.
And near to these a mighty host collects
Of those call'd Lybians once, but now best known
By modern names; Tunisians, Algerines,
Tripolitans, and Moors, a barbarous race,
And followers of the Ishmaelitish creed;—
Waiting the orders of their chiefs, they stand
Prepared to go and take th' expected prize.

And now, as if by concert, they move on,
Two mighty armies, fir'd with avarice,
And lust, and hatred to the chosen race
Of faithful Abraham. Those not engaged
In this nefarious scheme look on; and some
Encourage; some are silent; some reprove;
Of those who blame the sons of Sheba, form
A part, who now are Abyssinians call'd;
And Dedanites;* perpaps, now Wahabees;—
And men from Tarshish; men whom I suppose
To be the merchants of the British isles,
Having the rampant Lion on their sign.
And these will boldly say, "have you now come
To take the prey, and gather glorious spoil,

* Ezek. 38, 13.

From captives freed from their captivity,
And now returned to their own native land:
Men who have never injured you at all,
But suffered every evil at your hands;
Retire with speed to your own native land:
The providence of God, that kept them safe
Thro' their captivity, will keep them still
From their unjust and cruel enemies."

Thus will they be reprov'd, but will not hear,
But hasten on, enter the promis'd land
In two divisions, from the north and south,
And plunder, burn and slay where'er they go;
And then will God arise in all his might,
And show his fury in his frowning face,
And plead with pestilence, and fire, and blood,
With that devoted band. (Mountains will shake,
Hills fall, earth tremble, birds and beasts retire,
To hide themselves from his terrific frown.)
(Discord will also rise within the host;—
Tartars with Persians fight; Mahometans
With Pagans: Nogays with Afghanistans;
Till thousands fall upon the bloody field:)
And to complete their overthrow, he'll rain
Great hail-stones,* and tempestuous fire, and leave

* Ezek. 38. 21 and 22.

A sixth part only of the whole alive.
But still in this he will not show himself
In his own proper form, the form in which
He show'd himself to Moses in the mount;
The form in which he'll show himself again
When seated on his throne to judge the world.

While this is passing on the northern verge
Of Canaan's ancient ground, the southern band
Of proud invaders pressing fiercely on,
Will reach the entrance of Jerusalem,
Rush in, and half the city seize, and half
Of its inhabitants, at once reduce
To an unhappy, miserable state
Of hard captivity: and then the Lord
Himself will come in his own glorious form,*
And stand revealed, Jesus of Nazareth:
The anointed son of God, and Israel's king;
Upon the Mount of Olives, on the east
Of our Jerusalem, and with his breath
Consume, destroy, and make this mighty host
Evaporate, and perish from the earth,—
Except a few whom he will leave to be
His witnesses, and messengers to those
Who, when they took their journey, staid at home.

* Zech. 14—2, 3 and 4.

Then shall this mountain cleave and burst in twain,
Half moving towards the north, half south, and leave
A spacious valley 'twixt the several parts;
And then shall Israel flee before the Lord,
As once they fled from Sinai's burning mount.

And then shall he, Jehovah, Jesus, God,
The king immortal, and invisible,
Invisible before, but now reveal'd,
And seen e'en as he is, pour his rich grace
In copious streams into his people's hearts:—
The grace of supplication, penitence,
And prayer, and they shall look, with wond'ring eyes,
On him whom once they pierc'd,* and see the wounds
Their cruelty had made, and mourn, as one
That mourns an only son,—and weep, yes, weep
With all the bitterness of those who drop
Their scalding tears upon the lifeless corpse
Of their beloved, darling, first born child.
Then all the families will mourn apart,
And think of him alone they've injured most.
(For, notwithstanding we oft seek to find
A friend to share our griefs, there is a grief,
The grief of a true penitent, that seeks
To be alone, and have no witness, while

* Zech. 12. 10, 11, 12 and 13.

It pours its earnest cries into the ears
Of the omniscient God.) Then will they say,
When they behold what their kind sovereign's done,
Blessed* thrice blessed he, that thus has come
To save us from our cruel, savage foes.

But here his guest unable to maintain
His feelings, cried, o'erwhelmed with tender love,
O, glorious grace, wond'rous benevolence!
Of this adorable, adored one
To load with favors those who persecute,
And bless with richest blessings those who hate,
And bring salvation down to those who curse,
And have for ages curs'd his precious name;
What better course, what more effectual way
Could have been chosen to subdue their pride,
And overwhelm with shame their guilty souls,
And make them loathe themselves for all their sins.
'Tis true, 'tis true, his much mov'd host replied,
Great, great, his goodness to his ancient friends
And great his goodness too to us, whose eyes
He open'd, and whose sinful hearts he cleansed
From their impurities, and with his blood
Softened the stone, and turned it into flesh.
All truth, the guest replied, I feel it so;

* Mat. 23—39.

My heart was once as hard as adamant;
And the affecting story you have told
Would not have mov'd me, nor excited love,
But now I love, rejoice, exult, and feel
Consummate happiness, while briny tears,
Like rivers, course along my furrow'd cheeks.
The Jew replied; think not a change of heart
Is all we want to make, and keep us blest,
God must himself preserve, us being changed,
And pour continual streams of his own love
Into our torpid hearts, lest we should sink
Into a state of apathy and death.
This love you feel,—and I have often felt,
And hope to feel in the blest realms above,
Where seeing face to face the blessed king,
I shall be chang'd, as by the spirit's power,
Into his image, and from a glorious, pass
To a condition far more glorious still.
The Gentile said: I owe you much dear friend,
For the instruction you've already giv'n,
But I have always thought, the Jews convinc'd
Of their deep guilt by gospel ministers
Of Gentile origin would be reclaimed,
And brought to own the doctrine of the cross.
No, never, never, cried the earnest Jew,
The arguments of Gentiles they'll not hear,
Or if they should, their hard obdurate hearts

Would instantly repel them, as the steel
Polish'd with nicest care repels the shaft
Thrown by a feeble hand; nor will God's son
Permit a Jew or Gentile to perform
The task the father gave to him alone,
For him the father hath ordain'd to bring
The scatter'd tribes of helpless Israel home,
And to them give repentance unto life,
With the remission of their numerous sins.

But time waits not, I therefore haste to speak
Of blest Immanuel's reign; for now his reign
Will certainly begin; and from this time
The happy thousand years, in which he'll sway
The sceptre of the world, commence their date;
For now he'll come from Esau's* ancient seat,
With garments dyed in blood, and come alone
To tread the wine press of his father's wrath;
For this the day of vengeance, this the year
Of Zion's controversy with her foes.
But still his enemies will not, as yet,
Be all subdued, the woman riding on
The scarlet colour'd beast will yet remain;
But she must perish too; but of her fall
I'll speak hereafter, when the period comes

* Isa. 63—1, 2, 3.

To which her tale belongs; for ere she fall
Two great events, foretold in prophecies,
Must come to pass; the Devil must be bound,
A mighty angel with a heavy chain,
And having in his hand the fatal key,*
That shuts the mouth of the unfathom'd pit.
A real angel, one perhaps who once
Was a companion of the wicked one
Before he fell, will come and bind him fast;
And hurl him and his legions headlong down
To the dark mansions of their black abode.
A portion of the dead will then arise;
What portion is not clear; but some, as some
Arose when prince Immanuel left his tomb,†
As trophies of his victory when he went
With powers and principalities in chains,
And twenty thousand chariots‡ in his train,
Up to his father's court, with glory crown'd,
And heav'n's first herald cried with piercing voice,
Lift up your heads,§ ye everlasting doors,
And let the blessed king of glory in.
So some will now arise for some must rise
And reign|| with him, and rule as with a rod
Of rigid iron those who still refuse
To own his sway.

* Rev. 20—1, 2, 3. † Mat. 27—52, 53. ‡ Psa. 68—17, 18.
§ Psa. 24—7. || Rev. 20—4. 2—26. 28.

And now another scene
Must be presented soon, another war
Be carried on. The parties Jesus Christ*
Leading his bands,—and his inveterate foes;
But when or where begun I cannot say;
Perhaps the rider of the scarlet beast,—
Fearing the loss of power will make th' attempt
To rouse the nations that obey her will
To make a desperate effort to sustain
Her sinking cause; and send her messenger
To those Mahometans who did not go
To the great battle,—or who disbelieve
The terrible report the fugutives
Brought back,—or wish to gain themselves a name,
By bold, and daring deeds in feats of arms,
And to the pagans who refuse to own
Any but idol gods of wood and stone.
For this is sure (the Scriptures state the fact)
The beast† and pseudo prophet will combine,
With the old dragon, and send messengers
Like frogs, to all the nations of the earth
To gather them to battle on the day
Ordained to manifest the almighty's power.

And then the faithful one, Israel's true king,

* Rev. 19—11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.
† Rev. 16—13, 14

With his appointed band will take the field,
For those that overcome in the fierce war
That sin and satan wage with God's elect
Must with their blessed Saviour sit* on thrones
And rule the nations with an iron rod
And break their strength, as angry potter's break
The fragile earthen bowl. But when or how
Can this be done if not on that great day
Of which I speak? Christ must be present then
Among his risen saints, and with his hand
Seize on the beast and the false prophet too
And cast them both alive into a lake
Burning with fire,—tempestuous sulph'rous fire,
And all the remnant slay with that fierce sword
Of bickering flame that issues from his mouth
And, as I think, I may with safety say,
'Tis probable, this battle will be fought
On papal ground; the wine press of God's wrath,
When streams of blood will flow quite to the bits,
That curb their furious steeds,† in space 'tis said,
Full sixteen hundred measur'd furlongs round,
The length, and breadth of all the papal states.
Thus much is sure polluted Rome must fall,
And sink perhaps in floods of liquid fire,
And to accomplish this, God's providence
Appears some preparations to have made.

* Rev. 2—27. 3—21. † Rev. 14—20.

Old Ætna, and Vesuvius cherish fires
Of vast amount, and of immense extent,
And this is clearly seen when they throw off
Their surplus matter from their burden'd breasts,
And from their wide extended mouths send up
Columns of pointed flames mingled with smoke,
And monstrous burning rocks, ten thousand feet
Into the blasted air; and these fierce fires
Extend for aught we know, for many leagues,
And burn beneath the mould'ring walls of Rome,
And at th' appointed time, will force their way
Up to the world above, and open wide
A gaping grave for this devoted town,
And all its tenants; cardinals, and nuns,
And Jesuits, and monks with all their train.
And even now these subterranean fires
Produce effect upon her wither'd soil,
And not far distant from her shatter'd gates,
And from their rising fumes or other cause,
Not rightly understood, loosen the ground,
And make it porous, spongy, and unfit
To be improved,—emitting poison'd air,
Miasma, and malaria that drive
The sick'ning peasant to the neighb'ring hills.
But whether right or wrong in these details,
I'm sure she'll burn, and send up curling clouds

Of sulph'rous smoke,* appalling to the sight,
Into the higher regions of the air;
And her devoted friends standing far off,
For fear of the fierce quivering flame shall make
A fearful lamentation at her fall:
Then shall the heavens rejoice, and angels sing,
And prophets, saints, and martyrs raise their voice
And with triumphant hallelujahs praise
The everlasting king.

The conflict o'er, his enemies destroy'd,
His saints aveng'd; the mighty prince of peace,
Will turn his thoughts tow'ards the accomplishment
Of the great object now to be compass'd;
Th' establishment of righteousness, and peace,
And truth† and mercy thro' the spacious earth.
And in effecting this, he'll first begin,
With Jacob's favor'd race, and write his laws
Upon their hearts,‡ and print them in their minds;
Pour his rich grace into their souls, in streams
Of penitence, and faith, and holy love,
And draw them on with cords they'll break no more
And being drawn they'll run with eager haste
His orders to obey, his smiles t' enjoy,
And all his wishes to anticipate.

* Rev. 18—8, 9, 10.
† Isa. 42—4.
‡ Jer. 31—33, 34.

And then according to his will made known
By that fam'd seer, (who by the river's side
Beheld the great machine* of providence,
With fourfold visage to denote the four
Great periods of time, in which his church
The deepest interest had; an image high,
Terrific, grand, sparkling like burnish'd brass,
And having wheels of many various kinds;
Wheels within wheels, concentric, opposite,—
Transverse, or perpendicular, yet all,
As by one spirit mov'd, and to one end;
Going and coming with the lightning's speed,
Directed by a power in human form,†
Seated upon a lofty sapphire throne.)
They'll separate the tribes divide the land,
And give to each his own appointed share.
But how, his guest inquir'd, can they the tribes,
Distinguish their memorials lost?
God will provide a way the Jew return'd,
Perhaps by Urim where the sacred stones
Bearing their names, like those that Aaron wore
Will indicate their family and tribe,
Or in some other way that God will show:
For they must be divided and receive
Their several portions in the promis'd land,

* Ezek. 1st—4, 5 and 6. † Ezek. 1—26 and 27.

For all of Jacob's race, where e'er they be,
In desert, or in mountain, or in isle
Of the remotest sea, must be brought home
To share the blessings of Immanuel's reign.
The land divided; then they'll contemplate
The structure of their great metropolis:
The city of the everlasting king;
Portray'd by the same prophet who design'd
The chart that fix'd the bound'ries of their tribes;
Begin the work, raise walls, and set up gates;
Erect a temple,* so constructed as
To suit the pattern that Ezekiel gave,
And celebrate with songs the ~~the~~ joyful day
That sees it finish'd and prepar'd to be
The seat of the great heir of heaven and earth.
This city's form† portrayed by Moses first,
When Israel's host encamp'd on Sinai's plain,
Will be a type of that Jerusalem‡
Which from the holy throne of God will come,
Like a fair bride down to the abodes of men,
Glitt'ring in gems, and cloth'd in dazzling light,
The seat of everlasting blessedness:
And will itself be splendid, and renown'd,
A city sought§ out by the Gentile world,

* Ezek. 40th Chap.
† Num. 10—1, 2, &c.
‡ Rev. 21—12, 13, &c.
§ Isa. 62—12.

But of the Gentile world, reply'd his guest,
You have not spoke since your account was closed
Of the most dreadful fall of guilty *Rome*.
The Gentile world, replied his patient host,
Struck with amazement at the dire result
Of the great battle, will as one bereft
Of reason stand amaz'd, perplex'd, and lost
In painful, anxious, vacillating thought.
At length the Saviour's friends stirr'd up and mov'd
By his own spirit will exert themselves
To take advantage of this great event
And preach the gospel with unwearied zeal
Among the various nations of the globe.
While those who 'scaped God's wrath in Palestine
Will magnify the power of Israel's king.
And those who saw the fearful fall of *Rome*
Will often speak of the distressing scene,
And teach the world to fear Jehovah's name.
And then shall cruel superstition's bands
Asunder burst, and slav'ry's galling chains
Drop from the bloody, chaff'd and tortur'd limbs
Of such as were in painful bondage kept.
Manners will change, and customs pass away,
No mitre will adorn the bishop's brow
Nor scarf nor sash the vicar decorate;
Monks from their dens will creep without their cowls
And nuns forsake their creeds to join in prayer

With large promiscuous groups of penitents.
The painted image, gilded crucifix
And burning taper will be laid aside,
And all men seek th' eternal God to serve
In spirit, truth, and humble fervent love.

The fierce Mahometan will stop to hear
The word of God. The Tartar tie his horse,
And merchant put his pressing journey off,
To listen to the messages of grace.
The Lama's watchful priests will quit their posts
Forsake their god, and travel many leagues
To hear and learn the doctrine of the cross.
The crafty Bramin wholly lose his sway
Over the blinded conscience of his slave.
The iron chain of caste be broke in twain
And human minds from bigotry set free.
The worshippers of Fo will lend their ears
To hear the stranger tell his wond'rous tale
And Java's shores, and Borneo's distant woods
Resound with supplications to the Lord.
Degraded Egypt lift imploring eyes,
And Ethiopia stretch her hands to God.
The savage Moors, Christ's messengers invite,
And wand'ring Arab's cross Zahara's plain,
To learn more perfectly, what God has done;
While pagans of the south their gods resign,

To worship him that made both heaven and earth.

But let us now proceed to contemplate
Another part of this important work,
The full establishment of Christ's blest reign
In all its power and glory on the earth.
The earth you know was cursed* when Adam fell,
Its fairest flowers were lost; its choicest fruits
Destroy'd, and thorns, and thistles' prickly leafs
Usurp'd their place. Luxuriant fertile plains
Were turn'd to frightful deserts: shady woods
And mighty forests suddenly were chang'd
To a wide waste, and howling wilderness.
This curse, the second Adam must remove;
Bring the departed fruits back to their place,
And to their station all the flowers restore;
Turn barren deserts into fruitful fields,
And wildernesses into woods again.
But this important work must first begin
In ancient Canaan's highly favor'd land.
But still 'twill not begin till Judah's king
Shall take his seat upon his lofty throne,
In his own house† within the spacious walls
Of that new city nam'd, the Lord is there.‡
Then from this house shall flow two sacred streams;

* Gen. 3—17, 18. † Ezek. 43—7. ‡ Ezek. 48—35.

One westward* to the borders of the sea
That laves the northern shores of Africa.
The other eastward† to the stagnant pool,
Where once old Sodom stood, whose impious sons
Provok'd the Lord to send tempestuous fire
And burn their city up; a pool unfit
For any kind of use; in which no ships
Their whit'ned sails display; no gallies ply;
No cheerful sailor hails the rising day;
No merchant watches the approaching ship
Laden with treasures for his numerous stores.
A filthy pool in which no fish can live
Of any use to man. Waters impure,
Dead, decompos'd, unblest, their life destroy'd
By the fierce blasting lightning's heavy stroke;
And on whose barren shore no fruit is found,
Except an apple pleasent as 'tis said
To look upon, but loathsome to the taste;
Fit emblem of the hideous monster sin,
Who in temptation wears a smilling face,
But in the end is terrible as hell.
Yet all these poison'd waters must be heal'd,‡
Such virtue will the blessed stream contain,
That all impurities will be expell'd,
And all the proper qualities restor'd

* Zech. 14—8. † Ezek. 47—8. ‡ Ezek. 47—8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

That purest waters have. The fish will live,
And numerous fishers stand upon the shores.
The barren nature of the desert cur'd,
And fruitful trees be planted on the ground;
And the great work of mercy here begun,
Will quickly reach to Ishmael's arid land.
Renew the barren plains of wretched Ham,
Fill Asia's steppes with towns and villages,
And make dry Atacama's region smile.

And then the earth shall yield her full increase*
And rich delicious fruits, and beauteous flowers
Adorn the plains, and flourish on the hills;
Large stately trees shall spread their branching boughs
Where stunted shrubs, and bushes grew before;
The steril wilderness soften'd with show'rs
And then consolidated by the rays
Of the all powerful sun, made potent, strong,
And energetic to compact, compress,
And vivify, by him who kindled first
Its blazing fires, will gradually become
A mighty forest, interspersed with vines
Loaded with luscious grapes of various kinds.
But this is but an item of his grace;
He'll take the human heart into his hand,

* Psalm 67. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

And mould it to his wish: its nature change;
Its strong propensities to ill remove,
Subdue its passions, and eradicate
Its lusts, the thorns and briers of the soul;
Infuse his grace, and early sanctify
All its affections, wishes, and desires,
And by his gracious spirit make each string,
And every chord, vibrate with heavenly love.

Then will the heavens rejoice, and open wide
Their spacious gates to pour salvation down;
The tempter bound; his legions all confin'd,
And naught to check a friendly intercourse
'Twixt God and man. Then songs of grateful praise
From earth's remotest regions shall ascend,
And one great, joyful jubilee be kept
Thro' the whole period of Immanuel's reign;
The sound of war shall never more be heard,
Nor hostile armies meet in dread array;
No more the trumpet summon to the charge,
Nor the shrill fife nor heavy drum proclaim
Battalions moving to the bloody scene;
But spears be turn'd to knives,* and swords to shares,
To prune the vine, and cultivate the ground;
The mines no more be ransack'd to afford

* Isaiah 2—4. Mic. 4—3.

Materials for the life destroying ball,
Nor furnaces their hissing fires employ,
To liquify the ore design'd to form
The huge and heavy cannon's solid mass;
No curiously contriv'd machine shall groan
In boring out its bowels for a place
To lodge the smutty dust, and iron ball,
But all the minerals which the world affords
Be made to serve the interests of mankind.

Then shall the world of life again return
To its original, and happy state,
And animated nature feel a change
Thro' all her numerous interesting tribes:
The savage tiger shall no more be chain'd,
Nor the fierce lion cag'd, but rove at large
Harmless, unfeared, and mingle with the herd
That graze the verdant mead; the playful kid
And spotted leopard* shall lie down in peace,
And sweetly sleep in the refreshing shade;
The furious bear, and gentle cow shall feed
In the same field, and find congenial food;
The sucking child with his soft hand shall stop
The darken'd hole of the most spiteful asp,
And little children innocently play

* Isaiah 11—6, 7, 8, 9.

With the terrific, frightful cockatrice;
And universal harmony and love
Spread their soft charms o'er all the earth born race:
And from the brute to rational shall pass
The influence of this transforming power,
And furious bigots mingle with the meek,
And haughty kings sit down with humble saints,
And love, enchanting love, unbounded reign
In all the hearts of all the sons of men.

And now, we turn our eyes to other scenes,
And contemplate the prosperous happy state
Of Jacob's sons in their own native land.
Their city built and polity restor'd,
Their temple rais'd, and priesthood organiz'd,
Their God return'd, and seated on his throne
Wrapt in a cloud of glory such as that,
Which guided Israel in the wilderness,
When heaven its spacious store house open'd wide,
And in full measure, furnished men with food;
They'll offer up their holy sacrifice,
Nebaioth's rams, and Kedar's chosen flocks.
But I had thought, th' inquiring Gentile said,
That Jewish sacrifices were a type
Of the great sacrifice of God's dear Son,
And that once made, no place would e'er be found
For sacrifice again. Gentiles 'tis true,

Replied his host, have always understood
The matter thus; but 'tis not so with Jews.
We all believe the prophets told the truth,
And we believe with firm unwavering faith,
That all the prophecies will be fulfill'd;
Nor can I understand them otherwise
Than I have told you; firmly I believe
My scatter'd, injur'd kinsmen will return
To that good land which God to Abram gave,
And to his seed, by promises as firm
As his eternal throne; and I believe
They'll worship him by offerings from the fold,
And he'll accept the offering at their hands.
But why, dear friend, should you, or others think
It strange, that Jews should offer sacrifice,
As a memorial of the atonement made
By him whom they themselves, had crucified,
And thro' whose blood alone they pardon find?
The Jews were actors in the cruel scene;
Chief instigators of the bloody deed;
And more than any others ought to have,
Their minds impress'd with deep and lasting grief,
For what their hands have done; but what will more
Impress their minds, or more directly call
Their fix'd attention to their cruel deeds,
Than streams of blood on their own altars spilt?

But here again, his anxious guest inquir'd:
Will the whole Gentile world then be compell'd
To offer sacrifices up to God.
No, said the Jew, not as I think, but still,
They'll be allow'd when e're they choose to bring
Their voluntary offerings to their king;
But Jewish priests, on Jewish altars must,
Make all their offerings to the Lord of hosts;
For thus the sacred oracles declare,
That they must be God's priests,* and minister
In holy things to him, and in their turn
Receive the offerings which the strangers bring
From fields, and vineyards of their own at home.
But now I've said enough of this, and haste
To lead your ardent mind to contemplate
The full blown glories of Immanuel's reign.
The tempter, as we've said before, shut up,
Confin'd, and buried in his gloomy cell,
And all his miscreant host in darkness lodg'd,
And left to gnaw their mutilated tongues,
No longer will be able to seduce,
Unstable souls from their allegiance
To God their benefactor, and their friend.
The Saviour on the throne, possessing power
Unlimited, exhaustless, to subdue

* Isa. 61. 6.

All to himself. The favor'd saints rais'd up
And sitting with him on his glorious throne,
Their painful labors past, their pleasant come,
Angels, his ministers to hurry on
The chariot of salvation round the earth;
And charg'd by his great Father to destroy
All satan's works, and fill the spacious earth
With knowledge of God's righteousness and truth,
As waters fill the channels of the sea,
What shall impede, obstruct, or bar his way.

But here the Gentile said; do you believe
The saints will rise, and reign, with Christ on earth
In their own proper forms, be seen and known,
And hold converse with men. The Jew replied,
Of this I'm sure, the saints will rise and reign
A thousand years on earth, and sit on thrones,
And rule the nations with an iron rod;
But whether they'll be visible or not,
Is not for me to say. Perhaps they may
Sometimes appear, as angels did of old,
Or as the saints that rose when Jesus died,
And at his resurrection coming forth,
Went thro' the holy city, and appear'd
Not to a few, but many, who both saw
And testified to what they saw, else how
Could those have known who have proclaim'd the fact?

In circumstances then like these how fair
The prospects of the favor'd sons of men?
But all their prospects they will realize
And more than all, for neither eye hath seen,
Nor ear hath heard what blessings are reserv'd
For these most interesting joyful days.
The heavens shall pour down floods of righteousness,
And equity and truth run thro' the streets
Of cities now polluted, and disgrac'd
With fornications, and adulteries,
Assassinations, murders, thefts, and lies.

Cold, barren hearts that never tasted good,
Wrapt up in sinful selfishness and pride,
Soften'd by showers of grace, and streams of love,
From that eternal fountain which supplies
The universe from its unfailing source,
With every kind affection, every joy,
And every blessing which the good possess,
Shall bear rich fruits of tenderness, and love,
And spacious harvests reap of peace, and joy.
Proud, haughty, vain, and irritable souls
That "kindle at the shadow of wrong:"
And in their furious passions risk their all;
Their hopes, and all their prospects here below,
The comfort of their families, and friends,
And their eternal all, in savage fight,

And worse than savage fight, with rifles, swords,
Or pistols charg'd by friends with leaden death,
Shall turn to gentle, kind, forgiving men.
Patient and meek, with lowliness of heart
Portray'd in living colors in their walk,
And all their conversation with the world;
List'ning with condescension to rebukes
From little babes, when e'er they deviate
From duty's path, and with true penitence,
Confessing all their numerous faults to God.

Low, avaricious minds, curs't Mammons brood
With eyes bent to the earth, and hands prepar'd,
Its treasures to secure where ever found,
By subtilty, oppression, or by fraud,—
Shall see and hate their own deformity;
Behold, and love fair virtue's glorious form.
Their grov'ling passions die, and hearts expand
With pure, benevolent, and holy love.
Degraded spirits, gross licentious souls,
Buried in deep pollution's deepest den;
Shameless, unfeeling, given to ev'ry vice,
Intemp'rance, and profaneness, lust and hate;
Abandon'd, ruin'd, overthrown, and lost
Beyond the reach of any human arm;
Shall feel their bosoms with contrition swell;
And tears spontaneous rolling down their cheeks,

In copious streams, in view of what they are
And what they've done; abhor and loathe themselves
For all their follies; lift their wond'ring eyes
Up to the glorious heav'ns, where virtue sits
Enthron'd in purest light; array'd in robes
White as the snow that falls on Hermon's brow,
And weep, and weep to think themselves so vile;
And mourn in silent lofts and lonely cells,
Their great unworthiness, and dreadful guilt,
'Till mercy's gentle voice shall bid them hope,
And point them, to the all atoning blood
That flow'd from our Immanuel's swelling veins,
While on the cross he hung: the precious blood
That washes out the deepest stains of guilt,
The vilest garment cleans, and covers up
The hideous scars, and heals the ghastly wounds
The monster sin has made;—and turn their moans
To songs of cheerful animated praise.

Unfeeling men who can behold unmov'd
The deepest sorrew or severest pain,
And with the sufferer never sympathise,
Shall feel the spirit's arrows in their hearts,
And learn to shed their tears with those who weep.
Degenerate souls who live in narrow spheres
Which their contracted minds taught them to tread,
Suspicious, envious, jealous, ill-dispos'd;

Retiring from the cheerful walks of men,
To live in solitude, contempt, and scorn
Of all the joys society can give,
Shall find their hearts renew'd, their feelings chang'd,
And fly with love and joy, to meet their friends.
But more I need not say; all knees will bow,
And every tongue will praise the Saviour's name.
And contemplate, my friend, the glorious scene—
See faithful Abraham's sons, a chosen race,
Once first, then last, and now the first again
Of all the various nations earth maintains.
Look thro' the length'ned borders of their land,
And mark the wondrous change, for you beheld
Its desolation, when you travel'd through,
From Hamath's border to the utmost bound,
Where thirsty Israelites with Moses strove.
See dreary wastes to fertile meadows turned,
And barren heaths to cultivated fields;
See the rich, luscious grapes, in clusters hang,
And the large presses running o'er with wine;
See fields of waving wheat, and flocks and herds
Grazing in pastures by the mountain's side.
See the old wastes* repaired, the ruins rais'd;
And desolations of two thousand years,
All vanish, disappear, and pass away
As dreams, that vanish at the morning light.

* Isaiah 64—4.

See villages spring up, new cities rise,
New temples show themselves, and art combine
With nature, to improve this favor'd land.

Then shall the cities of this ransom'd race,
In all their streets, see venerable men
Supporting their declining age with staves,*
And greeting one another with delight.
And beautous children playing by their side,
With all the sportive glee of innocence.
Then shall the father long enjoy his home,
And see his children's children round him rise,
Joyous and happy in their heritage.
Then fervent prayers shall every where ascend,
And happy households 'round their altars bend:
While from the crowded temples, songs arise
In joyful concert, to the lofty skies.
Nor shall a less important change take place
In other parts of this terraqueous globe;
For as I've said, the kindly healing power
Will thro' all nature run; and heavenly love
Spread its soft mantle o'er the blasted world;
Blasted by the tremendous, fatal curse,
Proceeding from God's lips in paradise;
The vestiges of satan's with'ring feet,
And hateful tracks of his accursed host,

* Zech. 8—3, 4, 5. Isaiah 65—22.

Join'd to the impious deeds of sinful men.
The curse remov'd, the earth will be restor'd
To its primeval beauty; thistles die,*
And rich, luxuriant herbage, clothe its plains.
The fruitful vallies then, shall furnish bread
More than sufficient for the wants of men;
And hills abundant pasture to the herds
That graze their verdant tops; the docile earth
Its secret treasures yield with liberal hand;
Ores of all kinds, gold, silver, precious stones;
And neither slaves, nor pris'ners kept in chains,
To work in dark, unwholesome, loathsome cells;
But labor free, and willingly performed,
With cheerful, easy hand, will quickly find
The richest treasures of the richest mines;
And broad extensive seas, their treasures give
With ready complaisance, to pious men.

Then commerce shall be free, and intercourse
Unshackled, unrestrained, by selfish laws
That selfish nations make, their revenues
To guard from skilful smuggler's numerous wiles.
The happy cheerful sailor then shall sing,
Deliver'd from the fear of furious storms;
(For furious raging storms no more will sweep
O'er the vex'd bosom of the troubled deep.)

* Isaiah 55—13.

And every sea, see peaceful vessels glide
O'er its smooth surface, to their destin'd ports.
No heavy irons then will be prepar'd
To curb the mutineer, or guard the ship
From dangerous rebellion on her way.
Then thro' th' extensive regions of the earth,
Firm health abide, and pale disease no more
Invade the rosy cheek of blooming youth;
Or raging fevers hurry to the tomb
Athletic, healthy men—torn from their friends
And families, and sent in haste, to dwell
In the dark chambers of the silent grave.
No more the tender mother shall behold
Her darling child distress'd with cruel croup,
Convuls'd with painful fits, or breathing out
Its little quiet soul, on her soft lap,
Thro' diarrhea's persevering rage.
No more the weeping widow sit and mourn,
In darken'd room, her youthful husband gone
To his long home, torn from her soft embrace,
To feed fierce vampires in the clammy dust.
No more the sighing, groaning husband, see
His beauteous bride borne from his house away
To her dark, dismal, lonely bed of clay;
A tender infant left to shed its tears,
On his pain'd breast, and pour its piercing cries
Into his aching and distracted ears:

A sad memorial of its mother's love.

No more shall pestilential maladies,
Destructive plagues, and frightful choleras,
Fly thro' the air, or travel under ground,
From villages to cities, hills to plains,
Rivers to lakes, and mountains into vales;
And crossing mighty oceans in their way,
To execute God's judgments in the earth;
Seizing their victims as they pass along
By thousands, and by millions; hurrying down
To undistinguish'd graves, fathers and sons,
Husbands and wives, neighbors and friends unmov'd,
Unpitying, unaffected by the sight
Of keenest anguish, or severest pain.
No more shall tempests lay the forests low,
Nor prostrate cities in their mad career.
No more the swift-wing'd lightning rend the oak,
Or take men's lives away by its rude shock.
No more the fierce tempestuous hurricane,
Sweep o'er the occidental Indian isles,
Call'd by the moans of slaves, from northern skies,
To desolate the proud oppressor's ground.
No more the simoon, in a hazy cloud,
Concealing its tremendous power, shall sweep
O'er the devoted soil of ancient Ham,
Conveying poison underneath its cloak,

And carrying ghastly death within its arms,
No more sirrocco's with'ring breath shall reach
The fair Italian shore, rous'd by the crimes
First of old Pagan Rome, a monstrous beast,
Diverse from every other animal,
Devouring nations in a single day;
Annihilating kingdoms with a frown,
And filling the wide circle of the world
With the dread terror of her hated name.
And since, by the great shameless whore that rides
The scarlet-color'd beast; whose cup has pass'd
Thro' great and numerous nations, fill'd with dregs
Of the worst kind, abominable things;
Adulteries, fornications, thefts and lies,
Sorceries, indulgences, and hateful deeds
Of almost every kind, that one can name.
And for whose punishment, as I have said,
God's vengeance only waits the proper time.
The floods no more sweep cities from their sites,
Or carry off the produce of the fields;
And leave th' astonish'd swain to feed on herbs,
Or roots, or in despair lie down and die.

The fire no more shall pass its proper bounds,
To spoil the works of heaven-protected man.
No more shall Ætna send her pointed spires
Of quiv'ring flame, up to the lofty skies;

Or hurl her burning rocks, with hissing sound,
Ten thousand feet into the wither'd air.
No more Vesuvius pour her scalding streams
Of melted lava, down her panting sides,
Destroying vineyards, forests, cottages;
O'erwhelming fields, and cultivated plains,
And burying cities in its burning womb.
No more shall Hecla stir her sleeping fires,
Or pour her molten bowels from her mouth
To devastate the quiet peasant's field,
And make poor Iceland's poor and needy sons,
More needy still.
No more shall Kirua's mouth breathe streams of fire,
To terrify th' affrighted islander;
Nor slumb'ring Pele raise herself again,
From her deep, dismal bed of livid flame:
All these in their deep cells their fires will feed,
Collect their strength; their armies discipline;
Lay up their fuel in their spacious stores,
Against the burning day; when all at once
They'll burst upon the world, "and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man."
View then, my friend, thro' time's perspective glass,
The open'd vista of a thousand years,
And see the state of highly favor'd man:
Diseases banish'd; sorrows at an end;
Satan confin'd; the human heart renew'd;

Envy remov'd, pride buried, hate destroy'd;
Lust broken down, and avarice impal'd;
Fraud ruin'd, and intemperance crucified;
Wars hush'd, and cruel slavery done away.
The lowly rais'd, the meek* exalted high:
Peace flowing like a river thro' the earth;
And charity the brightest attribute,
Of all the attributes of the Most High,
Invisible, eternal, blessed God,
Reigning supreme in every human heart,
Thro' the kind influence of the Holy Ghost,
In rich effusions pour'd, from the great source
Of life, of light, of peace, of love and joy;
With every comfort, blessing, privilege
That renovated nature can bestow.
Rich harvests, fruitful gardens, fertile fields;
With flocks, and herds, and overflowing stores,
Of every kind of treasure earth affords.

And O, my friend, with what ecstatic joy,
Will angels look on this delightful scene!
Angels who hail'd the Saviour's birth, and sang
Glory to God on high, and peace on earth;
What raptures will their beating bosoms feel,
To see the glories of Immanuel's reign!
With what deep interest will old Adam see

* Psalms 22—26, 27. Matthew 5—5.

The glorious deeds of his almighty son!
Son of th' Eternal God, and son of man;
Uniting heav'n* and earth in firmest bands,
Destroying all the wily tempter's† work,
And pressing his crush'd head beneath his feet.
What strong emotions must blest Abram feel,
When he beholds his sons, whom he beheld
With wicked hands, impaling their kind king,
Regenerated, sanctified, restor'd;
And to their Saviour bound in cords of love!‡
And how will Moses and the prophets sing,
Martyrs rejoice, and saints lift up their heads!
And what thick columns of dense praise will rise
From the redeem'd, to God's eternal throne!

And here, I well might close, both to relieve
Myself and you; but, O, dear friend, indulge
My warm affections towards Jacob's sons,
My brethren, and my kinsmen, bone of bone,
And flesh of flesh with me in nature's bonds.
See them restor'd, renew'd, and rais'd above
All other nations, dwelling on the earth,
(Selected to officiate as priests
'Round the accepted altars of the Lord;)
Stand forth array'd in robes of righteousness

* Eph. 1—10. † Gen. 3—15.
‡ Jer. 31—3. Hos. 11—4.

With which the Saviour clothes the pure in heart;
And having on besides the splendid dress*
Which God requir'd the Jewish priests to wear,
(A dress no Gentile ever should assume,)
Prepar'd to execute their God's command.
Then see the other nations of the earth
Present their off'rings to the Lord of Hosts.
See Russian princes bending† to the ground,
Hungarian nobles, and Bohemian lords;
Dukes and arch-dukes, from Oder to the Rhine,
Their various offerings bring.
Merchants from British isles, laden with wealth
Gather'd from every quarter of the globe,
With their own costly well-wrought fabrics, come
To bring their presents to the King of Kings.
Princes from France, and Belgia's ancient shores,
With silks, and laces of the finest thread.
Nobles and lords from old Iberia's soil
With silver plate, and gold,‡ and diamonds, drawn
In former days, from distant western mines.
Princes of Moorish blood, and turban'd Turks,
With numerous flocks of goats, and tender kids,
And all the various products of their soil,
Present their offerings to their sovereign king.
While the dark tribes that range th' extensive plains
Beyond the Niger's flood, in concert come,

* Ezek. 44—17, 18, 19. † Isa. 60—14. ‡ Isa. 54—11, 12. 60—17.

With costly presents from their spacious realms.

But why should I attempt to tell you all!
Let it suffice to say, the choice perfumes,
And odoriferous gums* of Ishmael's land;
Armenian herds, and flocks fed on the banks
Of Tigris, and Euphrates' fertile streams,
Where once the pleasant, fruitful garden lay,
That nourish'd man in his primeval state.
Rich Persian silks, and cloths of Cashmere wool.
India's soft cottons, China's curious ware;
Golconda's diamonds, pearls from Ormus' bed,
And cinnamon and spices from the isles,
That lie beyond the broad Arabian sea.
All these, and more than these, be brought by kings,
And emperors,† and governors, and lords,
And dedicated to the Holy One.
Then shall the earth be thoroughly subdu'd,‡
And man, his delegated empire hold
O'er sea and land, and general concord reign,
And universal harmony and peace
Pervade all realms; and sympathizing love
Rule in all hearts, and songs of praise ascend
From Zion's walls to earth's remotest end.
And this blest period will continue through
The whole of our Immanuel's reign below.

* Isa. 60—6. † Isa. 49—23. ‡ Gen. 1—28.

He paus'd; and then his guest, with anxious look
Address'd him thus:—Indulge a friend
In one petition more; impart yonr thoughts
Respecting those events which we are taught,
Will follow close upon the thousand years,
That you've been speaking of. The Jew replied:—
My mind with interest deep, and anxious thought,
Has long been laboring to discover what
The Scriptures teach respecting these events:
Something I think I've learn'd, but more remains
Still to be understood, but this I'll say.
Satan* must be unbound, the seals be broke
Of that dark dismal pit, in which he'll lie
With his rebellious crew, the thousand years
Of our Immanuel's empire o'er the world:
And being loos'd, immediately begin
To practice his old arts, and soon deceive
The Gentile world again, as he deceiv'd
Their simple-hearted fathers, in the days
That follow'd Noah's flood, when he enticed
Them all to worship idols, senseless, vain,
Deform'd, and ugly, neither having power
To save or to destroy; and instigate
Magog and Gog with all their mighty host,
In number as the sand upon the shore
Of the great sea, with arms prepar'd in haste

* Rev. 20—7, 8, 9, 10.

From pruning hooks and ploughshares (all the laws
Of God's dominion being quite revers'd,)
To come against the seed of Abraham,
And God's beloved city, firm and fix'd
In its allegiance to its righteous king.
And then a sea of fire, broad as the ground
That bears th' accursed band, will fall from heaven,
And burn, and utterly destroy them all;
And the great cruel foe of God and man,
With all his impious legions, hurry down
Into that fearful sulph'rous lake of fire,
Where the false prophet, and the beast, exil'd
From heaven and happiness, in sorrow dwell.

But here the Gentile said: Can you explain
The meaning of that term; or tell me what
Is to be understood by that dire lake,
To which you now allude? The Jew replied:
Not satisfied myself, I cannot hope
That you'll be satisfied with what I say:
But this I can assert; it is the last
Great place of punishment for wickedness.
A place that will absorb, and swallow up*
All other places of the kind, the grave,
And death, and hell, and all the hateful dregs
Of this polluted world, sin, grief, and pain,

* Rev. 20—14, 15.

Adulteries, fornications, plagues, and lies,
With all that practice such nefarious deeds
As heaven abhors; where all unholy souls,
And sinful spirits stay, 'till they have paid
The utmost farthing that the law* demands,
To punish sinners, and to check the course
Of wickedness, from that important day
In which the world was made, to that bright morn,
When Christ shall come to organize anew
Its molten particles, and to transform
It into something more etherial;
The grave, and death, and hell were all prepar'd:
But now the grave is buried, death destroy'd,
And hell absorb'd in the great burning lake,
That's called with emphasis, the second death.

But let us now turn to the scene we left,
When you the interesting question ask'd,
That drew my answer forth—the sea of fire
That falls on the rebellious, will begin
The general conflagration of the world.
Rous'd by the shock, the subterranean fires
Will soon begin to move, muster their strength,
Make their arrangements, and call out their troops,
T' assail the fortresses of mortal men.
Sicilians then will hear the deep-toned voice

* Mat. 5—25.

Of Ætna, rousing up her sleeping fires,
And feel the pantings of her beating heart.
Vesuvius will roar and pour a stream
Of liquid fire into the boiling flood,
That laves th' Italian shore. Poor Iceland hear
The deep and dismal groans of Hecla's womb;
And see her bowels move, enrag'd to find
Her fierce phalanx of fire so slow to join
The mighty armies of the Lord of Hosts.
Again the flame will kiss Kirua's lips,
And slumb'ring Pele rouse herself once more,
And rise again majestically grand;
Grander by far than she was ever seen,
In superstitious pagan's heated brain.
While new volcanoes in new parts will rise,
And hurry on their legions to the war,
Eternity will then begin to wage
With poor distress'd, disheart'ned dying time.
The air will join her forces with the earth;
The hydrogen will flee, and hide herself,
As being of no use in this campaign;
And the destructive oxygen will flame
More fiercely than the gas in burning spring.

And then will sound (or possibly before
And quickly after the great sea of fire
Has swept the sons of violence away,

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That came against the just,) the Trump of God,
Blown by the potent breath, that issues from
The great archangel's lips, whose piercing voice,
Reverberating loud from orb to orb,
Thro' the whole solar system, (mighty space
In our contracted minds, tho' but a speck
In God Almighty's empire,) shaking down
The pillars of creation, tearing up
The marble slabs that hide the mighty dead,
Breaking the sleep of death, and raising up
Millions* on millions of the fall'n race
Of the first pair, that liv'd in paradise,
Of all conditions, languages, and tongues,
Colors, and sizes, figures, ages, forms,
Habits and customs, which the world has seen,
Or ever will behold ;—to die no more :

While those who live shall at the sound† be chang'd
From mortal to immortal, trampling on
The neck of death gasping beneath their feet.
And O, my friend, how interesting then
To see the saints in " their own glorious forms,"
Bearing the image of the son of man,‡
And cloth'd in robes of pure and spotless white—
The emblem of that perfect righteousness,
In which they stand before the heavenly hosts—

* Rev. 20—12. † 1 Cor. 15—51, 52, 53. ‡ Philip. 3—20, 21

How interesting then to see them rise,
In this rich splendid dress, to meet the Lord,
Up to the higher regions of the air !*

How very interesting to behold
The great white throne,† and him who sits thereon ;
From whose majestic presence, heaven and earth,
In trembling agitation, flee away !
How solemn, how affecting to behold
The great assembly at the Judgment Seat—
Kings, princes, nobles, dukes, and mighty lords,
Who rul'd their subjects with an iron rod,
From mercy quite estrang'd, but mercy now
Needing, far more than those unhappy, poor,
Afflicted persons they so much despis'd !
How painful to behold (sentence pronounc'd)
The trembling threshold of eternity
Asunder rent, and all the wretched throng
Descending down into its dismal womb !
And O, my friend, may the rich grace of God,
Prepare us both to join the happy band,
To whom the Judge will say, " Come ye blest sons‡
Of my Almighty Father, come possess
The kingdom which your God for you prepar'd,
When the creation's base was by him laid ;"
And may we see, as I suppose this band

* 1 Thess. 4—17. † Rev. 20—11. ‡ Mat. 25—34.

Of joyful souls will see, the earth renew'd,
And rising from its ruins* phoenix like,
To incorruption, immortality
And beauty, far surpassing what it was
In its primeval, perfect, glorious state.
And may we also see, as I again
Suppose this band will see, before they quit
Their station near the awful Judgment Seat,
The New Jerusalem,† in distant skies,
Descending from the holy throne of God,
(That high and lofty throne on which he sits,
To sway the sceptre of the universe,)
Adorn'd and deck'd with jewels like a bride
Prepar'd to meet her lov'd and loving lord,
And resting on the earth, a splendid place;
With jasper stones, and emeralds in the walls,‡
And spacious gates compos'd of brilliant pearls,
The great metropolis of all the sav'd.

But here again his wond'ring guest inquir'd:—
Do you believe this earth will be th' abode
Of the redeem'd, when risen from the dead?
I do believe it will, the Jew replied,
For where can this metropolis be placed,
This New Jerusalem, if not on earth?
It comes from God and heaven, and comes to men,‖

* Rev. 21—5. † Rev. 21—2. ‡ Rev. 22—9. 20. ‖ Rev. 21—3, 4.

And men are surely tenants of the earth,
And earthly kings* their offerings to it bring.
And do not think it strange, my dearest friend,
When I declare my fix'd and firm belief,
That this vile world of ours, cleans'd purified,
And organiz'd anew, will be the seat
Of the redeem'd, and is the very place
In Scripture styled the kingdom of the saints,
Prepar'd before earth's corner stone was laid.
The image of the world, as I have said
Before, being hid in God's omniscient mind.
He clearly saw his purpos'd end attain'd,
In the destruction of the devil's works,
The renovation of the ruin'd earth,
And reign of love, and truth, and righteousness,
Under the banners of the Prince of Peace;
And now his object fully realiz'd,
And all the evil which th' arch-fiend brought in,
After his liberation from the pit,
Eradicated, burnt out, or remov'd,
With the arch-fiend himself, and all his band,
And every human soul that's prone to ill;
The earth renew'd, its dregs and dross consum'd;
The New Jerusalem arriv'd. and plac'd
On its allotted site; (allotted when
Earth's corner-stone by its great architect

* Rev. 21—24.

Was laid, and morning stars together sung,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy ;)
The sovereign architect himself will fix
His residence with men, and be their God,
And they shall be his people, nations sav'd,
First by his grace thro' his anointed son,
Then by his presence in their new abode ;
From which he'll banish pain, disease, and grief,
Sorrow, and death, and every other ill,
That can annoy, disturb, or break their peace ;
And with his own soft hand wipe off the tears
From every face, and pouring streams of love,
Pure, perfect, blessed love, into their hearts,
From that eternal fountain that supplies
Ten thousand times ten thousand souls with life,
And light, and peace, and every other good,
Make them rejoice with joy unspeakable,
Aud full of glory round his holy throne.

He ceas'd, his guest awhile in silence sat,
And then addressed him thus; accep[redacted] my thanks,
Dear friend, for your compliance with my wish,
I've heard, admir'd, and much instruction gain'd,
And now I go back to my native vale,
To spend the remnant of my fleeting days ;
And O may Abraham's God be ever near,
To guide, protect, and bless you while you live ;

And tho' on earth we never meet again,
May we both meet with joy at Christ's right hand,
To live and reign with him world without end.

He spoke, and press'd his hand, and took his leave,
Went to lodgings, and arrangements made
For his departure to his native land;
In which he soon arriv'd, where now he lives
A humble follower of Jesus Christ.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES,

BY

HARRIETTE E. PHELPS.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

"WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?"

Beside the Saviour's lowly tomb,
See weeping Mary pensive stand;
Sorrow has wrapt her mind in gloom,
For heavy is affliction's hand.

The Christ—the Lord's anointed one—
The Hebrew's long expected king—
Messiah—David's royal son;
He who deliv'rance was to bring,

Is now a captive held by death,
Shrouded in darkness and in gloom;
She's heard him sigh away his breath,
She's seen him laid within the tomb.

And where is Judah's comfort now?
Her light is quench'd, her hope is dead;
Sorrow sits pensive on her brow,
And bitter anguish bows her head.

But Mary! weeping Mary! list!
It is an Angel deigns to speak:
"Woman, with grief and woe opprest,
Among the dead, whom do ye seek?

"Lo! Christ the Saviour, is not here,
Death could not long retain his prey;
Triumphant in his bright career,
He took the tyrant's sting away.

"The tomb, tho' seal'd with Pilate's seal,
Could not the Lord of Life confine;
Rising, he burst its bars of steel,
And spoil'd the grave by right divine.

"The conqueror treads the earth again,
He—Mary's persecuted son—
Has crush'd the pow'rs of hell and sin,
And now, his glorious work is done.

"And soon, before your wond'ring eyes,
In the full face of shining day,
He to his Father's courts shall rise,
And show his followers the way."

VICTORY.

I heard the trump of war,
I heard the clarion peal its thrilling sound,
Which seem'd to shake the solid rock, the ground,
And make the earth to jar.

To arms! to arms! it rung;
And demons echoed back the appaling sound,
From every rock and cavern, hill and mound,
The answer back was flung.

I saw the warrior-knight
Mount his black steed, his unsheathed falchion grasp,
His buckler fasten, and his helmet clasp,
And rush on to the fight.

Now high the banner waves,
Thick fly the arrows from opposing flanks,
And the broadsword, which hews down ranks on ranks,
Sends thousands to their graves.

Upon this fatal spot,
How many press on madly to their doom,
Together fall, and find one common tomb,
Unnoticed and forgot.

Careering o'er the field,
The raven and the vulture whet the beak,
Instinctive nature tells them where to seek
And find a plenteous meal.

Proudly advancing on,
Triumphantly returning from the fight,
The hero comes, proclaiming in his might,
The victory is won.

Victory! the conqueror cries,
And honor wreathes her laurel round his head,
Fame trumpets to the world his mighty deed,
And glory is his prize,

Victory! responds the swain,
With aching heart, as he beholds his crop
Trod under foot, his vineyard rooted up,
And sees the scattered grain.

Victory! the widow sighs,
Whose lord lies coldly stretched on yonder plain,
Mangled and bleeding, 'midst a heap of slain,
To fame a sacrifice.

* * * * * * * * *

Can victory repay
The weeping laborer for his blighted crop?
Or raise to life the sinking widow's prop,
The helpless orphan's stay?

Can victory revive
The deadened pulse—with sense invest the brains,
Bring back the life-blood to a thousand veins,
And make the dead to live?

TO MY FATHER.

Years steal apace—thy locks grow white,
Time leaves his traces on thy brow,
And, 'neath the stern Destroyer's might,
Thy strength is bending now:
And when a few more years are fled,
Must thou be numbered with the dead?

What shall I do when thou art gone?
My guide, my counsellor and friend!
Left unprotected and alone,
Through life's dark way to wend;
No more to call me when I stray,
Or show my wand'ring feet the way.

But, hush thy fears, my murm'ring soul,
Cast all thy care upon thy God;
'Tis true that grief may o'er thee roll,
And thou may'st feel his chast'ning rod;
But He who led thy father through,
Thou murm'rer will conduct thee too.

TO ——

Thy words are like the passing gale,
That idly kiss'd the rose's cheek,
And whispering told its tender tale,
Then flew away new flowers to seek.

Thy vows are like the chrystal lake,
Impressed by winter's lightest seal,
Which ev'ry passing step may break,
And ev'ry frost again congeal.

Thy looks are like the moon's bright beam,
Reflected on the glitt'ring fount;
While the next hour beholds her gleam
Upon some distant lofty mount.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Roses tell me why you wither?
  Why your leaves are scattered round?
Oft your beauty brought me hither,
  Now, 'tis wasted on the ground.
Warblers, why has ceased your singing?
  Which was wont my heart to cheer,
Now, far off your flight you're winging,
  Where these notes I ne'er shall hear.
Zephyr, why has ceased your sighing?
  Where has fled the fragrant breeze?
In your stead the tempest's flying,
  Chilly winds the dew-drops freeze.
Ah! 'tis Winter now approaching,
  Frigid Winter, that so strange
Has thus, on our joys encroachiug,
  Wrought this melancholy change.
Now, no more the rose shall flourish,
  No more songsters tune their lay;
Summer pleasures, all must perish,
  Zephyrs no more round us play,
Until Spring, fresh clad in vigor,
  Dancing o'er the new-drest plain,
Melting off stern Winter's rigor,
  Comes to cheer our hearts again.

TO DEATH.

Grim tyrant! when I see thee stand
With threat'ning look, in all thy pride,
Thy dreadful jav'lin in thy hand,
Thine awful trophies by thy side;
The coffin near—the shroud, the tomb,
Waiting in all their dismal gloom;

I shudder, and my fainting heart
In trembling horror turns away,
My soul, unwilling to depart,
Shrinks back within its house of clay;
And clings to life with all its stains,
Its griefs, its sorrows, and its pains.

Oh! 'tis a chilling thought to know,
Thy icy arms must yet enfold
This breathing form, and that my brow
Must by thy touch, grow bleach'd and cold:
My spirit, shud'ring with affright,
Turns trembling from the fancied sight.

But when, thou stern terrific power,
I see attending angels near,
To cheer me through the trying hour,

And quell the overwhelming fear,
Support me through the expiring gasp,
While yielding to thy fearful grasp;

When with an eye of faith, I see
(As the last pulse of nature dies)
The spirit, like a bird set free,
Mount upward to its native skies,
And leave thee (all that thou canst own)
The vacant house of clay alone;

Then, King of Terrors! then thy form
Loses its pow'r to daunt my heart,
My soul no longer feels alarm,
Nor trembles at th' uplifted dart;
But fain, would, mounting on the wing,
Advance to meet thee, frowning king.

TO ——

Weep not for me! weep not for me!
I would not sadness fling
O'er hours that sport so blithesomely,
On pleasure's gilded wing.

Sigh not for me! sigh not for me!
I would not, on his throne
Thy "bosom's lord" sit heavily,
For sorrow not thine own.

No! keep thy tears, the time may come,
When thou may'st need them all,
When for thyself, and not for me,
The bitter drops may fall.

Time too may come (forbid it Heaven)
When fate may do its worst,
And thy pure heart may wounded, riven,
With its own sorrows burst.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

See how yon clouds in glory ride,
Illumin'd by the Sun's last beam;
But ah! in spite of all their pride,
They'll vanish like a morning dream.

And thus, Oh man! it is with thee,
Possessed of beauty, power, and might,
You sport awhile on life's dark sea,
Then sink into oblivion's night.

RETROSPECTION.

How many visions fair and bright,
Have pass'd before my raptur'd sight,
Visions of mortal birth;
I woo'd them, but they would not stay,
I lov'd them, but they pass'd away,
Like all that is of earth.

Fair forms have glanc'd before my view,
But transient as the morning dew,
I look'd, and they had gone
Some other eyes than mine to bless,
And left me with my loneliness,
And memory alone.

Bright eyes have sparkled in my sight,
I gaz'd upon them with delight,
And bless'd each ardent beam;
But, changeful as the lunar ray,
I look'd, and they had pass'd away,
Like fancy's fitful dream.

Hearts that I've lov'd with feelings true,
And hearts that seem'd to love me too,
Were for a season mine;

But time unclasp'd affection's hands,
And absence soon dissolv'd the bands
That friendship did entwine.

Thus, transient as the meteor's ray,
Earth's brightest visions fade away:
Oh! thou Almighty One!
Unchanging as eternity,
Teach me to fix my hopes on thee,
My hopes on thee, alone.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Afar on the ocean wave, boundless and wide,
The proud bark of pleasure sweeps over the tide;
Her canvass is spread to the breath of the sky,
Her banner is waving triumphant on high.

She recks not of danger, she fears not the storm,
Undaunted her spirit, unshrinking her form;
Beneath—the blue ocean is resting,—above—
The sky is as calm as the angel of love.

But see! the dark billows are heaving,—the god
Of ocean's fierce tempest is riding abroad;

Already his pinion is flung o'er the sea,
And the demon is laughing e'en now in his glee.

And pleasure's proud galley is breasting the wrath
Of the terrible tempest that's sweeping her path,
Amid the wild waves of the turbulent deep,
Still vainly she's struggling her pathway to keep.

But the eye of destruction has singled his prey,
And the treacherous ocean her charge will betray,
The dark raging billows are washing her deck,
And the cold heaving waters close over the wreck.

REMINISCENCES.

When time's unsparing hand shall trace
  Its furrows on my brow,
And from this undim'd eye, efface
  The joy that lights it now;
Then, the remembrance of the past,
  Shall hover round my heart,
And while the breath of life shall last,
  A sense of joy impart.

For memory with tenacious grasp,
Shall cling to those bright hours,
When youth and pleasure hands did clasp,
And dance in sunlit bow'rs.
Friendship's dear tokens I'll engrave
Deep on my heart's own page;
Those lov'd remembrances I'll save,
In spite of time or age.

Tho' silver hairs this brow may shade,
And care trace many a line,
And the rude stamp of years, invade
This unblanch'd cheek of mine—
No vain regret will I allow
To give my bosom pain;
But only think what I am now,
To be myself again.

And should the world's unsparing frown
E'er low'r upon my head—
Perhaps, neglected and alone,
Forgotten as the dead,
I'll fly to some sequestered ground,
Avoiding fortune's blast,
And calling fancy's visions round,
I'll live but in the past.

TO MY DEAD CAT.

Where bleach thy bones, my faithful cat,
Alas! I do not know;
I only know that thou hast gone
Where all at last must go.

And in what form thy fate was met,
I dare not ask or hear,
Lest the much dreaded tidings should
Confirm what most I fear.

The day I left my childhood's home,
When fate bade me depart,
You little knew, my fav'rite puss,
What anguish rent my heart.

I griev'd to leave that long lov'd spot,
Some other home to find,
But more than all, it griev'd my heart
To leave my cat behind.

I knew you'd miss the hand that smooth'd
Your furry coat so soft,
And list, in vain, to hear the voice,
That call'd your name so oft.

But rest in peace, lamented one!
I know thou art secure
From all the ills which now I feel,
And those I must endure.

I often think upon the time
When, (both secure from harm,)
You rested safely on my lap,
And free from all alarm.

But now, alas! that time is gone,
Those days forever fled;
My heart is fill'd with pain and care,
And thou, my cat, art dead.

THE MISTAKE.

Cupid, one morning, full of glee,
And wishing to indulge his mirth,
Left Venus' arms, resolv'd to see
What mischief he could do on earth.

He from his golden quiver drew,
The sharpest and the keenest dart,
And seizing his elastic bow,
Determin'd well to play his part.

He soon selected out his mark,
And off with exultation flew;
Then drew with an unerring hand,
And swift the barbed arrow threw.

But how was little love amaz'd,
When he beheld the dart rebound,
As though it had encounter'd steel,
And fall before him on the ground.

He took the arrow up, but found
It broke, which more surprised him still,
Then threw it down, resolv'd to know,
What thus had baffled all his skill.

He gazed a moment, then exclaimed—
I see what thus has spoil'd my dart;
I aim'd at flesh, but hit instead
A flint—a bachelor's cold heart.

THE WISH.

Oh! that my home were in yon sky,
Where all around that meets my view,
Far as I stretch my wand'ring eye,
Is one vast sheet of blue.

For, ah! my heart is sick of earth,
I've tried its joys and prov'd them vain;
I've tasted its deceitful mirth,
And found it end in pain.

I've tasted too the cup of woe,
And if the dregs I have not quaff'd,
I've drank enough, at least, to know
That 'tis a bitter draught.

Then oh! I would my home were there,
In yonder blue, unclouded sky;
For there, unknown is pain or care,
Unknown a tear or sigh.

THE MIRAGE OF THE DESERT.

On Afric's scorched and arid sands,
The weary traveller fainting stands;
No shelt'ring tree or shrub appears,
No murm'ring rill salutes his ears;
Above, he sees a brazen sky,
Around, the desert meets his eye;
A torrid sun with scorching beams,
Pours down the ceaseless burning streams.

Exhausted nature's failing fast,
And every effort seems the last,
Shorter still grows his tight'ned breath,
And in despair he waits for death.
When lo! upon his straining sight
There bursts a vision, cheering, bright;
He sees a lake of heavn'ly blue,
Lift its clear surface to his view,
While on its banks, the lofty trees
Spread their broad leaves, to catch the breeze;
A grassy mound, with soft green breast,
Beneath their shade, invites to rest.
Now every fainting nerve he strains,
New hopes invigorate his veins,
He urges on his swollen feet,
To gain the heaven-prepared retreat;
It nearer draws, he plainer sees
The chrystal lake, the spreading trees,
In fancy does the cooling wave
His parched and fev'rish temples lave,
Already does his burning lip
The life-restoring el'ment sip;
In fancy too, his aching head
Reposes on the grassy bed;
When! gracious Heav'n! the vision's gone!
The grass, the lake, the trees are flown;
'Twas but the sand, 'twas but the skies,

'Twas but the sun deceived his eyes;
He sees, in frenzied madness wild,
It was the Mirage that beguiled;
That tantalized his raptur'd sight,
Then vanished, like electric light.
Horror has chain'd him to the ground,
Despair his palsied limbs has bound,
With one wild shriek, one awful groan,
The trav'ler sinks and dies alone.

TO ——

Oh! there are thrilling strains, my love!
That float upon the air,
They seem like music from above,
And sounds of rapture bear.

And yet, they are but mortal notes,
For mortals gave them birth—
Though seeming as they gently float,
Far more like Heaven than earth.

If mortal breath from human lip,
Can wake such joy as this,
To make the trembling spirit weep
In ecstacy of bliss—

What feelings must the soul inspire,
When angel voices sing!
When seraph fingers touch the lyre,
And sweep the golden string!

AN APPEAL TO AMERICANS.

Wake Land of the Free! arouse thee from sleep!
Is it meet thou should'st slumber when dangers appear?
Does the mariner rest, on the dark foaming deep,
When he knows that the storm and the tempest are near?

Seest not there are foes, who wait by the way,
To invade the fair borders of freedom's domain?
Seest not there are spies, who watch to betray
The rights, which thy children have sworn to maintain?

There's a banner unfurl'd in the midst of thy camp,
It shows not the stripes that thy pennon displays;
Shall a standard be planted, which bears not thy stamp,
Where the broad Flag of Liberty only should wave?

Arouse then, to action! 'tis time to awake!
Send forth thy proud Eagle to watch o'er the land—
Lest usurpers the rights of thy native sons take,
And invaders wrest from thee, the strength of thy hand!

TO ——

I saw thee, as the orb of night
Was mounting up the eastern sky,
And thought 'twas but a vision bright—
A beam but lent me from on high.

I heard the music of thy tongue,
And fancied 'twas a seraph's lyre,
Or strain of heav'nly rapture, sung
By one of the celestial choir.

And when thy form had left my sight,
When the soft notes died on my ear,
My soul, entranced with wild delight,
Still seem'd to see—still seem'd to hear.

ON THE DEATH OF M. E. LEWIS,

AGED THREE YEARS.

He came, the monarch of the grave,
We felt, we knew, that he was near,
Yet fondly still we hop'd to save,
But trembling hop'd with fear.

We watch'd the pulse, so faint and low,
We knelt beside the wasted form,
As though we could avert the blow,
Or stay the uplifted arm:

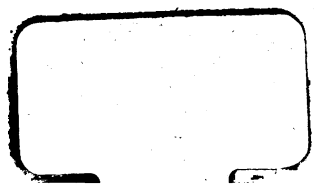
And while we mark'd the flick'ring flame,
That faint and fainter seem'd to play,
The last, the trying moment came,
The spirit pass'd away.

We wept! and yet how could we weep?
When the celestial soul had gone,
An endless Sabbath-day to keep
Before the Father's throne:

Had left a world of grief and care,
A body of disease and pain,
A robe of righteousness to wear,
And paradise to gain.

Almost an angel here below,
She had a temper form'd for heav'n,
And God, who did her life bestow,
Claim'd what himself had giv'n.

As o'er her lifeless corse we hung,
With bitter tears and choking sighs,

Perchance, as hymns of joy she sung,
She watch'd us from the skies;

Where, leaning on her Saviour's breast,
And cloth'd in immortality,
Her spirit shall forever rest,
Throughout eternity.